

# NORDA

AND OTHER POEMS



Abraham H. Bates



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NORDA AND OTHER POEMS



# NORDA

## AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ABRAHAM H. BATES  
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WASHINGTON  
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
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1901

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## NORDA

Mid Fashion's narrow throng I felt  
That fevered breath that is a blight;  
Where Fashion bent the knee I knelt,  
Amid the glittering day of night,  
Where Custom, that bland tyrant dwelt,  
I, still insatiate like the rest,  
Dreamed of the time I would be blessed.

Fatigued I turned away from this  
Depressing god, still let him choose  
Who may the rounds of gaudy bliss,  
For moths that worship glare have use,  
Though some should die in flames they kiss;  
I longed for wider realms as those  
Whom gorgeous prison walls inclose.

Far in the occident remote  
I sought the rugged coast, and thence  
Great Nature's own domain I note;  
Her storms and scenic eloquence,  
Where mount and sea together smote;  
Mid calm or storm, toward land or sea,  
'Twas varied sublimity.

There storm with storm did seem to vie  
In aid of the aggressive seas,

And here too many dangers lie  
A sailor's cautious gaze to please;  
But 'twould delight a Turner's eye,  
Whose pencil still in vain I ween  
Depicts the swiftly changeful scene.

The soul is nobly stirred : comes here  
No curst and feverish unrest ;  
The strife of elements severe  
Inflame with holy rage the breast,  
For in their clash you see and hear  
The tug of mighty war as when  
The strongest clash with strongest men.

And as the battle line sweeps high  
Along the hissing ranks of rock,  
Involving all the booming sky,  
'Tis like the Heaven jarring shock  
Of smiting cherubim that ply  
Their strokes of white hot thunder well  
And Heaven incensed casts out Hell.

Or if exhausted forces should  
Proclaim a truce along the shore,  
Then comes a wholesome lassitude,  
As Heaven's armies knew of yore,  
When ceasing from their warfare good  
Beside life's stream they felt that rest,  
That never will corrode the breast.

## II

Two mountains smiling stand apart  
Ar<sup>d</sup>bow to let a river pass;  
A stream that with majestic art  
Sweeps on through wood and mountain mass,  
Now slow, now bounding like a hart,  
Until the music of its score  
Is drowned in oceans' mighty roar.

The light house keeper's dwelling near  
Is guarded round by cedars old,  
A tree of growth hard and severe,  
Eked from a flinty breast and cold,  
Yet living on for many a year,  
A tree of rugged features wild,  
Adversity's own wrinkled child.

Still westward is a granite head  
Made bare by winter's torrents chill;  
Its wind bent trees at top all dead,  
Like vice's blasted fools who still,  
Though dead, remain unburied;  
A ghastly monitor that says,  
Young man, beware of selfishness.

And further down, drenched by the spray  
That upward bounds full many feet,  
The rocks grotesque are worn and gray  
And form a tortuous pave where meet,

When surfless and serene the day,  
The flippered lions of the sea  
That roar and play in horrid glee.

Sometimes I heard a simple tale  
The light house keeper would recite  
Of death or rescue in the gale;  
For each man lost there was a sprite  
That haunts the shore or mountain vale;  
To him these beings were as real  
As white winged gull or cloud or seal.

### III

One day, so the brief story went,  
From north a passing brigantine  
Dropped anchor, and with bad intent  
Lets fall a boat the waves between  
Wherein the crafty captain sent  
Jerome, a seaman stout and brave  
Who 'gan to battle with the wave,

And soon had drowned unless from land  
There had been thrown to him a line,  
And this he seized with iron hand  
And was per force dragged through the brine;  
No oar could such a surf withstand  
Jerome well knew and undismayed  
He seized upon the timely aid.

Just as half dead he gained the shore  
His vessel spread her wings and flew  
Along her course just as before,  
But called to him aloud adieu  
(Heard faint above the ocean's roar;)  
As cranes bewail a wounded mate  
And then abandon him to fate.

Revived right soon, from view he fled  
Amid a desert solitude;  
To Frisco far his footsteps led  
But paused he near a cabin rude  
Where horses on the mountain fed;  
He knew no more of horses wild  
Than does a Chinaman or a child.

He saw and for a half tamed steed  
He paid the price. The horse was strong  
And of an ancient Spanish breed,  
Stout limbed, with shaggy mane and long,  
A horse that men will buy in need,  
Nor once dismount till death befall  
Or they have reached their ~~de~~stined goal.

The lasso brings the beast at bay,  
Bridle and saddle on him placed,  
Jerome then mounts and is away  
Like dazzling meteor that is traced  
On skies lit by no other ray;  
O'er narrow mountain paths he flew  
Nor saw the dangers passed he through.

His horse is bathed with glistening sweat  
With every vein in high relief,  
His neck and side now foaming wet;  
His breathing loud and deep and brief  
Affrights the wood and plain and yet  
Is Frisco's noble bay before  
Him ninety weary leagues or more.

As lash and spur are plied to speed,  
His course around a cape of rock,  
A hidden crevice tripped his steed;  
Rider and horse with deadly shock  
Roll frightful down the crag, to feed  
Those vultures that with distant eye  
The dead and mangled can descry.

There chanced to pass a mountaineer;  
"What mean those vultures there," he cries,  
"No doubt some one has fallen here,"  
Then down the shelving rock he flies  
And mightily, but not severe,  
Upon his shoulders lifts Jerome  
And bears him to his mountain home.

The mountaineer possessed a child,  
She was the idol of his heart;  
On many city beaux she smiled;  
She knew the art of perfect art  
And too she loved to frolic wild  
Where mountains mingle with the skies,  
For she was beautiful and wise.



Her name was Norda Lee. She spent  
Her summer hours far from the crowd  
Of ocean beach or town. She lent  
A charm to every sphere. The proud  
Patrician and the rustic bent  
Before the majesty of grace  
That glorified her form and face.

Her frown was like a queen's command,  
Her voice, sweet as a dulcimer,  
More dextrous than magician's wand  
Could exorcise dun gloom and care,  
And bid the wings of hope expand  
To waft the soul with high delight  
As some fair vision of the night.

T'was soon Jerome began to rise  
Responsive to her ministry.  
He knew her not. Though to his eyes  
A stranger, yet not strange was she;  
Was she a friend in smart disguise?  
From warring doubts to find relief  
He told this story strange and brief:

'Twas eight years since before me flashed  
A girl so like to thee,  
And still through time and distance wide  
Her wondrous form I see.

And when my fancy paints her face  
From fairest ones I meet,

And each is wanting much you seem  
The picture all complete.

I was a sailor like the rest ;  
I watched for omens right,  
The course of birds, the elements,  
The voices of the night.

And still that image followed me  
In crowds or solitude,  
It floated mid each adverse storm  
A bird of omen good.

My life beneath the northern wain  
Was nearly whelmed with loss  
And many storms did I escape  
Beneath the southern cross.

Meanwhile my captain hated me  
And planned my wreck and woe,  
And yet he seemed so like a friend  
His hate I did not know.

He left me once upon  
The Fiji's savage coast,  
And once among the Philippines  
He hoped that I was lost.

By chance or fate or Providence,  
Each time I gained my bark,

And then my men would feast and play  
And carol like a lark.

From rage of men and elements  
I was so oft set free,  
I knew no fear ; I even dared  
The tiger of the sea.

And oft when sporting in the wave  
My dagger drew his blood,  
'Twas fine to see his struggles lash  
The sea in to a flood.

Meanwhile I learned the cause of all  
The captain's hate and blame,  
'Twas she, the distant one I loved :  
Her name's a sacred name.

And I his secret kept, but saw  
His treachery and guile,  
I saw beneath his friendship, hate,  
And malice in his smile.

As if to learn about a port  
He sent me singly down,  
Again I made escape e'en while  
He prayed for me to drown.

While yet I struggled with the waves,  
Away his vessel flies,

For now that I am gone, he thinks  
He'll win from me the prize.

No doubt he'll say I'm dead, or have  
Deserted ship and crew;  
But all his lies will not avail  
For Norda's heart is true.

She heard, nor once did turn her face,  
But with a woman's poise profound  
Concealed her ecstasy with grace;  
The dead was raised; the lost was found:  
Could Norda now the meaning trace  
Of all conflicting stories told  
By the deceiving captain bold.

Meanwhile the captain bravely spread  
His utmost canvas to the winds;  
His bending bark right onward sped  
Till Frisco's port he safely finds;  
To Norda's side the captain fled  
Then suddenly paled with mad despair  
When told that Norda was not there.

She's on the mountain coast, they say,  
Within a vale back from a port  
That lies one hundred leagues away;  
'Tis where her fancies oft resort  
And with the mountain fairies play;  
The captain cursed his own foul plot  
That left Jerome so near this spot,

Who now restored, had learned whose skill  
And love had raised him from the dead;  
Nor passed there many days until  
The two auspiciously were wed;  
And many noble ones do still  
Recall that wedding grand and fair,  
And how the captain was not there.

The lighthouse keeper paused awhile  
And gazed upon the wrinkled sea,  
Then turned, his face lit with a smile,  
And said: My name's Jerome, and she  
That doth my weary hours beguile  
Is Norda true. Our children dear  
Upon the beach are playing near.

Two wintry months when storms arise  
We take the lighthouse keeper's place;  
We love these scenes, these changing skies,  
But most to aid the sailor race,  
And throw a light where danger lies;  
I, rescued here from out the main,  
This light perpetually maintain.

With eyes more kindling than before  
I gazed upon the sea and land;  
The children playing on the shore;  
And then I gave the parting hand  
And said: I may not see you more;  
Farewell. This is a sacred spot;  
A place that must not be forgot.

## THE ORIOLE

In olden times there was a king  
Who had an only son,  
Who loved as fair and true a maid  
As ever valor won.

His father angry grew and said:  
She's not of royal line;  
No peasant girl shall ever wed  
A son and heir of mine.

The prince then plead that she was fair  
As mortal eyes had seen;  
Though humble born, yet still 'twas true  
The maid was born a queen.

The angry king more angry grew  
And in a castle high  
Did place his only son, till he  
Should change his mind or die.

Within his grim and guarded cell  
The prince was glad to hear  
That she, the one he loved, was placed  
Within a prison near.

Right soon they learned to know of this,  
The place where each was hid,  
For love, though blind, her way will find  
Though gates and walls forbid.

And they resolved to make escape  
With ropes of twisted strands,  
And at a signal down they went  
Held by their blistered hands.

Alas! the guards espied them both,  
Before they reached the ground,  
But when they raised a cry and searched  
They neither could be found.

For they were changed to orioles,  
The first and happy pair;  
And ever since these golden birds  
Do swing their nests in air.

## THE TUMBLER

It was September fair; the year  
Was growing mild and mellow;  
The fields and highways dotted were  
With flowers blue and yellow:  
The twilight came on earlier  
While crickets and cicadas drone  
In melancholy monotone.

Long clouds of dust for days had hovered  
O'er the lanes and all things covered,  
Until a passing shower  
Washed sky and tree and flower.

An aggregation called a fair  
Was going on. Merchants, fakirs  
And agriculturists were there,  
And jockeys, too, in varied hue  
And juggling money takers  
Performing many a flimsy trick  
That with applause is greeted,  
For crowds, quite easily amused,  
Will chuckle while they're cheated.

With trouble only in the choosing  
There were ten thousand things to see,



Instructive most, and some amusing  
Or humored curiosity.  
Most pleased and pleasing of them all  
Was man, the smiling animal.

## II

Below the stand where crowds were dense  
And anxiously awaiting,  
The programme of the race events  
There came a gymnast, stating  
That he craved a moment's attention,  
Or some such words, scarce worthy mention.  
A carpet on the ground he spread,  
Then threw his heels above his head  
And walked with ease complete  
Upon his hands; then tossed himself  
And lit upon his feet,  
And with a tumbler's supple skill  
The waiting interval did fill.

A murmur rose among  
The now admiring throng.  
They said: "Fine fellow that  
To be in such a mean pursuit,"  
But when he passed his hat  
To catch some pennies as the fruit  
Of acrobatic power,  
There fell around a shower  
Of coin—mostly of metal base,

(For a free show one meanly pays.)  
Some thrown from high upon the stand,  
Missing his hat, fell in the sand;  
These picked he up from out the soil,  
And thanked the donors with a smile.

There was a hand white and taper  
Threw a coin wrapped up in paper;  
This ominous little white ball  
He pocketed, paper and all.

### III

But now preparing for the race  
The well-groomed steeds with easy pace  
Move to and fro in grand review;  
While jockeys green and red and blue  
Stand in their stirrups prone  
On mane of steed as only  
Jockeys can; so that one would think  
Such curious forms, postures, faces,  
Were the long lost missing link  
Between man and the—the—races,  
Which now arousing expectation keen  
Drew all to view the thrilling scene.

Forsaking all besides, they crowd  
The ampitheatre called grand;  
The sage, the minister, the priest,  
(On Sunday these rail at each other),

Now jolly jostle on the stand  
As jovial as friend and brother.

Some filled with an admiring wonder  
Evolve a homily no doubt,  
And find a fitting text about  
The horse, whose neck is clothed with thunder,  
One thing commending steeds,  
As worthier than creeds;  
The creeds oft drive men asunder;  
The horse, upon the other hand,  
Brings all upon one common stand,  
And some old sports, who count their losses,  
And owners, too, of steeds there are  
Can quote in quaint vernacular;  
'Tis a vain thing to trust in horses.

Meanwhile Barry, the tumbler, rolls  
His carpet in a knot and strolls  
About until he finds  
A little nook secluded  
Where gaze can be eluded  
And cautiously unbinds  
The covered coin and reads:  
"Forgiven!"—And joy his face o'er spread  
As that transporting word he read.

#### IV

The gymnast, Barry Gray,  
Was young, athletic, gay,

Adventurous, but not inclined  
To be of wandering step or mind.  
But he was stung to madness by  
A bitter alienation  
Which was like the tormenting fly  
That stung the daughter of Inachus.  
From station on to station:  
For thwarted love a madness is  
And finds some cure in motion!  
Oft standing by the ocean  
Where tempests fierce have lately blown,  
And fancies in these elements  
A strife coequal with his own;  
Or love will humor its distress  
Within a crowd's dense wilderness.



This surging crowd to view  
Mad Barry in distraction came  
Nor knew that Clara, too,  
Was there from motives just the same  
Surprised and pleased was she  
For reasons best to woman known,  
And so the word "Forgiven"  
Was down to gymnast Barry thrown.

That very day did Clara say  
To her resentment a good bye,  
With Barry, then, she flew away  
Swift as two homing doves would fly.

No rival's threat, no mad appeal,  
No smoking gun, no click of steel,  
Nor plot, intrigue, or dread suspense  
To lash to life the lagging sense;

No other sound I ask you hear  
Than wedding bells merry and clear;  
No other voice your ear to great  
Than that of 'gratulations sweet.

## TO MISS C.

I will forget thy name, I said,  
And fill my heart with joy instead;  
And so I hastened to the sea  
And joined the rounds of gait.  
I hoped that mirth and music, too,  
Would drown each thought and dream of you.  
In murmurs deep by night and day  
Some other name would ocean say.  
Then on the sand thy name I traced,  
Which the deep sea waves soon effaced;  
"Thus perish from my mind," I cried,  
"This name that melts before the tide."  
O! blest the tide of time that so  
Can wash away my cause of woe.

Relieved I looked upon the main,  
But soon I heard thy name again,  
For now transferred from off the sand  
It ever speaks back to the land.

"I must away," I cried, "the sea  
But heightens every thought of thee."  
And so I climbed a mountain side  
Where rest and quietness abide,  
Where silence is unbroken all  
Save by the rippling waterfall,

Or chance some lonely mountain bird  
Makes stillness yet more plainly heard.

I threw me on a mossy bank  
And all the summer scene I drank;  
Drank as a hunted, wounded deer  
Drinks of the mountain waters clear,  
There from annoyances to steal  
Until the rankling wound shall heal.

I cried, "Welcome each sight and sound  
That fills my heart and heals my wound;  
Welcome sweet nature's healing art  
That takes this fever from my heart."

E'n now I feel the glowing zest  
Of hope that thrills anew my breast,  
And yon proud eagle, floating high,  
How much alike are he and I.  
And yet how little does he know  
Of all he teaches men below!

This royal mint that scents the air  
With fragrance wholesome, sweet, and rare  
Knows not the boon it can convey  
And this is Nature's matchless way  
Of teaching the unselfish plan  
Of winning, helping every man.

But while I traced these homilies  
There came a murmur through the trees.

It was the sound of a cascade  
Borne up through moss and dell and shade.  
Now faint and now it louder swells  
Sweet as a chime of silver bells.

O let me listen with my heart  
To notes surpassing human art;  
For this is Nature's masterpiece.  
'Twill make my tribulations cease.  
Soon as my heart the voice obeyed  
I found, alas! I was betrayed,  
For all I heard was thy dear name.  
Oft and articulate it came  
And filled my soul with deep unrest;  
And then I fled away distressed  
And found a spot retired, remote,  
Unvisited by any note  
Of rushing waters wild. I heard,  
Alas! so soon, a warbling bird.  
The feathered imp had learned thy name  
And this he sang ever the same.

"I yield!" I yield!" I then did cry,  
"Thee to forget no more I'll try.  
My heart and thee have won the day  
Whatever I could do or say.  
I never can thy name forget;  
Deeper it speaks and deeper yet.

I thank you, ocean's surging crest,  
That you to me that name expressed;



Thanks to the mountain's wild cascade  
For that fond name to me conveyed.  
For sake of that dear bird's address  
That found me in the wilderness,  
And sang to me the name I love,  
I'll prize each songster of the grove.

## THE HAMMOCK

There is beside an ancient wood,  
Where forest, sky and meadow meet,  
A lake that mirrors every mood  
Of bank and waving grove  
And changing skies above.

However fair may be the scene,  
Of mount or vale or hill,  
But add a silver lake or two  
And all is fairer still.

As in a calm sweet face you see  
Yourself without deformity  
And feel the subtle flattery,  
E'n so Dame Nature from her throne  
Smiles sweet, the compliment to own,  
When viewing from the lakelet's face  
Her charms returned with added grace.  
Long time ago ethreal sprites,  
That jolly crew that make  
Their noble deeds their chief delights,  
Did choose this argent lake,  
Whereon they oftimes sport  
And hold their jovial court,  
Dancing the wave or grassy earth,  
Brushing the air with wing of mirth.

Sometimes they make a confidant  
Of him who haunts this bending shore  
And will converse with him, for they  
The race of man have known of yore.

But heavenly laws forbid a sprite  
To speak with mortals face to face,  
But they on trees and skies may write,  
And letters on the rocks may trace;  
Can make the clouds narrate a tale  
That chosen friends may hear,  
And launch a story on the gale  
Meant for the favored ear,  
Make silent oaks repeat each word  
And willows warble like a bird,  
And singers sing in music low  
Far sweeter than the singers know,  
Nor can these heavenly ones declare  
Their nature in our earthly climes.  
There's some who might such knowledge bear  
And secrets with an angel share,  
But very saints grow weak at times.  
Such knowledge is a prize  
To lure men to the skies.  
Till then of Heavenly happiness  
We can but make a reverent guess.

The bright sojourners of the skies  
We deem to noble and too wise  
To haunt the dwellings of the dead  
Or limp through forests dark and dread

To frighten fools, nor do they taint  
The dreams of losel or of saint,  
Nor condescend to aid  
The necromancer's trade  
In dim lit halls where dupes attend  
And vagabonds preside,  
Nor play small tricks in cabinets  
Where only rogues would hide.  
Their sphere enjoins a nobler part  
Than sick men's dreams or villain's art.  
High as the sage or saint can view  
Is their employ sublime;  
The smallest deeds that they may do,  
Nor painter could portray  
Nor lofty words convey  
In prose or subtle rhyme.  
But are such grand capacities  
Bestowed on beings of the skies?  
Why not? If birds borne far away  
In darkened cage and then set free  
Have homeward like an arrow flown  
Directed by a power unknown;  
If the dumb myriads of the sea  
Of times and seasons learn,  
Or moles that dig or worms that creep,  
Or reptiles that we spurn  
Untaught may know what man  
Knows not and never can,  
Could not the marvelous fields of space  
Contain a wise and gifted race  
That could o'ertake the fleetest star

Upon lightning's flashing car,  
Or sport upseen beside the wood  
Or gaily dance upon the flood?

## II

'Twas by a lake beneath a tree  
Within his hammock swung  
That Leon heard strange melody,  
As if a song were sung  
Afar within a house of prayer  
And wafted slow on evening air,  
A rhythmic story to narrate  
In tones clear and articulate.

'Twas ancient morn of long ago,  
And yet unknown the western seas  
To Norseman oar or Latin prow;  
'Twas ere Genoa's faithful son  
Had quelled insurgent men and main  
And given the hemisphere he won  
To thankless mercenary Spain;  
There came upon the land a curse;  
'Twas not the sacred curse of gold,  
For lands were then unbought, unsold,  
But 'twas in form and feature worse  
As curs and jackals meaner be  
Than lordly lions of the plain.  
'Twas woman's cursed slavery  
That smote the land, and in the train

Of this dire wrong there came the rest,  
Hell's complement, grim war and pest.  
In treachery of war stout braves

In stoic agony expire;  
The fathers dug their childrens' graves  
And none repair the sacred fire;  
War swept men down as autumn's breeze  
Sweeps down the glory of the trees.

There was a tribe that perished all  
Save a brave chief and Ponca fair,  
And she his only child and heir,  
The heir of lonely grief and care.  
She, fighting by his side,  
Held back the savage tide.  
To give or to evade the blow  
Or hurl the arrow from the bow,  
And like the Parthians they flew  
And arrows hurled as they withdrew  
And still the foe increasing came,  
Pursuing like a storm of flame.  
Then to his child the chief did cry:  
"Haste, now, and to the lake side fly  
And in a hammock hide  
And you will safe abide.'  
When thus his child he had addressed  
An arrow pierced his aged breast;  
But night did curtain Ponca round  
With shadows drooping to the ground.  
Swift through the wood with noiseless tread  
Unto the lake lone Ponca fled,

And on yon shelving bank where fall  
Low drooping boughs and emerald wall,  
She took a panther's tawny hide  
And bough to bough she firmly tied  
Until a hammock strong was made  
Where she could swing, hid by the shade.

## EVENING BOAT SONG

Our boat is on the wave  
And as we glide along  
Unto the fair and brave  
We'll sing a merry song.  
We'll row and sing and trill  
With jolly whipporwill, la, la, ha, ha, etc.

The moon floats on the lake,  
The stars are floating, too,  
The owl is wide awake,  
Inquiring who is who.  
We'd rather sing and trill  
With jolly whipporwill, la, la, ha, ha, etc.

The skies above our head  
With violets are bound;  
The trees all green and red,  
With brightest flowers are crowned,  
And as the waves advance  
They make the forest dance, la, la, ha, ha.

## III

When Ponca knew she was alone,  
Her tribe and all her kindred gone,  
Her sobs, her tears, her stifled wail  
Unanswered fell upon the gale.  
But soon new fancies seized her breast,  
Her fruitless grief was soon suppressed.  
Some spirit of the lake did seem  
To make her life a trance, a dream.

Nor cruel brave, nor hungry bear,  
Nor savage beast, nor bird of air,  
Nor sacred terrors of the night,  
Nor lightning's flash that brings to light  
The forest bent beneath the gale,  
Nor mingled thunder, rain, and hail,  
Nor autumn's fires with wanton power  
To mar what they cannot devour  
Came near the maid or caused alarms  
Beneath the oak's protecting arms.  
She like a fawn all moveless lay  
While bellowing dangers round play.

What could this forest maiden know  
Of thought or calm philosophy,  
Of art or grace or gaiety,  
Taught only by the streams that flow  
Or skies or woods, or winds that play  
Or men more dumb and wild than they?  
The mind of Ponca shone



From brilliance all her own,  
Not as the sparkling diamonds are :  
Such gems reflect a borrowed light,  
But as a lonely blazing star  
Upon the mystic zone of night.  
She saw the leaves that wove  
A veil from eyes that rove ;  
She saw the crouching flames divide  
And harmless rage on either side.  
Around herself could Ponca see  
A circle of divinity.  
She said 'twas for her sake  
That Minnewauka's arm,  
Great spirit of the lake,  
Had shielded her from harm,  
And when the waves or winds made noise  
She said 'twas Minnewaukau's voice,  
And dreams and visions wild  
Possessed this forest child.  
She saw a mighty throng  
Of lauding subjects round her bent ;  
Herself a queen among  
Proud peoples of the Orient ;  
A lover, too, she seems to greet,  
A lover and a king,  
He lays rich treasures at her feet  
Which only he could bring.  
And attar fills the air the while,  
Her subjects bask them in her smile.  
As rainbows arch the gems she wore,  
They see, applaud, revere, adore.

The vision goes and comes again  
Like flowers revisiting the plain,  
And yet no winter comes between  
    These summers of the heart;  
Fresh flowers blooming bright are seen  
    Before the first depart.

## IV

In ancient times five nations joined  
With mutual pipes and oaths to bind  
    A compact of security,  
To which the weaker tribes would flee  
    As doves by hawks pursued  
    Fly to the sheltering wood.  
By war unscathed, unterrified  
Their clans in rightful peace abide.  
No honor could be bought or sold;  
A name outweighed the price of gold,  
And they to woman were more true  
As strong and valorous they grew.  
'Tis man's esteem of woman kind  
Becomes the index of his mind.

Among the Iroquois

    There was a chieftain's son  
Who when he was a boy  
Great victories had won  
Upon the fields of varied skill  
That test the nerve, the arm, the will.

For they were taught from early youth  
To draw the bow and speak the truth,  
And cope with might in self defense  
Or speak with grace and vehemence,  
And when persuasion failed, then throw  
The spear and bend the mighty bow.

Lone Eagle was the name he bore,  
And eagle's feathers, too, he wore,  
For none but heroes then could wear  
The plumage of the King of Air.  
Far from his tribe Lone Eagle fled  
And with him two stout braves he led  
Mid hostile woods and plains to go  
'Ere fell the track betraying snow:  
Each armed with quiver, bow, and spear,  
And fibrous sinews of the deer.  
But naught of food these young braves bear,  
For food they trusted to their skill  
The foe to spoil or deer to kill.  
Now bending lowly to the ground  
They'd catch the bison's trampling sound.  
Loud through the air their arrows whirred  
And pierced the leaders of the herd.  
They feast and counsel as they rest,  
Thence hurry onward to the West.  
They swim the Wabash wide, whose flood  
Is darkened by the lofty wood.  
Still on and on till round them rolled  
The prairies, awful to behold.  
The view doth please th' ambitious eye

That loves the distant to descry,  
Where aught of life, or storm, or foe  
The sweeping vision learns to know,  
Exulting in a wide command  
That cheers the brow and nerves the hand.  
"Onward, right on," Lone Eagle cries,  
"On where the golden sunset lies;  
The wind is right, the way is clear,  
But if the armed foe appear  
We'll clear the way. There's rest ahead  
For victor's arms alive or dead."  
Thus on for days; and as they went  
Their strength and courage grew,  
Grew as the prairies in extent,  
Like conquerors who view  
The realms that they subdue.  
Where grove and prairie meet  
Beside a bending river  
They pause to rest their feet;  
Then from his ample quiver  
Lone Eagle took an arrow true  
And struck a fawn that straight way flew  
Afar into the forest wide,  
The arrow clinging to her side.  
The crimson drops on leaf and blade  
Lone Eagle marked through glen and glade  
Until at length he found  
His arrow on the ground.  
He paused at once with strange amaze  
And for a moment stood agaze,  
There seemed a human presence near;

He was surprised, but not with fear,  
A maid with eyes of beauty rare  
Gazed from her hammock swinging there.  
Then did recall the brave young chief  
A prophesy both strange and brief,  
E'n of himself, by one who fed  
The sacred fires. The prophet said:  
A thousand steps his arrow flies,  
His bride shall come down from the skies.  
And then with gallant words and true  
The startled Ponca did he woo.  
She thought a man could not be found  
So brave, so eloquent;  
Then from her hammock did she bound  
And followed where he went.  
Lone Eagle and his comrades made  
Around the bride a cavalcade,  
As gallantly they journey through  
A realm where foemen swift pursue.  
For soon the word had spread around  
That haughty men from far had found  
And seized the maid, lonely and fair,  
And dragged her from her swinging lair.  
"Awake! Pursue!" each savage cries  
And let the swiftest sieze the prize.  
But fortune's favors still are there  
To arm the brave and shield the fair,  
To give the strength of hosts to one,  
To show the path they each should shun,  
Give strength to build the barricade,  
To hurl the arrow or evade.

At length when many days had fled  
And they had been bewailed as dead,  
(Imaginary ill  
Makes grief more grievous still,)  
They came in triumph with their prize,  
The queenly bride come from the skies.  
Lone Eagle round a glowing flame,  
For all spread fish and choicest game.  
The blaze illumines a circle wide;  
They feast, they dance with bounding stride.  
Upon the leafy wall around  
Their lofty shadows leap and bound.  
They feast again, the pipe they share;  
Then suddenly they bound in air  
And join the dance's jolly maze;  
Thus passed the time for joyous days  
When came Lone Eagle from afar  
Safe mid the poisoned shafts of war  
When long ago a bride he bore,  
From the fair lake's umbrageous shore,  
Bright Ponca of the glorious eye,  
Won from her hammock in the sky.

## RURAL MAIDS

O, ye, that with a childlike trust  
Dwell in the mountain vale,  
To whom the world's grand nothingness  
Doth seem a fairy tale,  
Ye do not know what plagues distress  
The gay and gorgeous world;  
Dream on secure, ye Rural Maids,  
In bowers where no curse invades.

If few the wants ye have, your needs  
Are few; grand is your care;  
To choose which hat, or gown, or shoe  
Is not your theme of prayer,  
And you can as your neighbors do  
Untaxed with mimicry;  
While less of rivalry or hate  
Consumes your peace or your estate.

I would not speak of coming woe,  
And how you'll suffer wrong,  
When highways bottomless and foul  
Imprison you so long;  
When gnawed with hunger of the soul  
For social joy and zest,  
You oft have from your window gazed  
Till with your longing you are crazed.

Your booted men will wade the slime  
And reach their village set,  
And there with gossip, pipe, and bowl  
Will all their cares forget.  
And with a mean, convivial soul  
Think of themselves supreme  
And woman's wrongs they will disdain  
And all her agony of brain.

But I will draw the curtain down  
Nor lurid scenes disclose,  
I'd rather that my picture be  
In colors of the rose;  
So, now, Dear Maids, behold and see  
Some consolation here  
To smooth your brows and smooth my verse,  
A city life would be still worse.

For you may daily thank your stars  
That your pure eyes behold  
No well-dressed rake upon the stage  
With words as false as bold,  
Commending vices of the age  
And more to please the herd  
All virtue scorns and ridicules,  
Amid applause from sots and fools.

Fools! yes, they like old gnarly trees  
May be of some small use  
To make the shapely ones more grand,  
But, O! I would not choose



Whole groves made of knots and gnarls, and  
Good Lord, deliver me  
From weak theatric throngs that cheer  
Stale vice and at sweet virtue sneer.

Be glad, ye rural maids, for soon  
Will come a better time;  
No island home, your home shall be  
Within a sea of slime;  
For highways smooth and hard and free  
And mobiles swift and neat  
Will all be yours; and these possessed,  
Your stars will far outshine the rest.

## LOVE.

Is love a tyrant or a slave,  
A mad or meek control?  
A tiger or a cooing dove  
Of fierce or gentle soul?

There's much depends upon the man—  
The heart of good or ill,  
The tiger fondling her whelps  
Is just a tiger still.

Doth love impel the horrid deed,  
The shame of human kind?  
Nay! Nay! 'tis passion gross that rules  
The base or cruel mind.

The thwarted lecher strikes a blow  
And fills a felon's den;  
The thwarted lover, great of soul,  
Becomes the king of men.

Love is a holy principle  
And grandly great and bold,  
When passion's dross has burned away  
And left the finest gold.

## GERALD AND ETHEL.

The snow on his cloak lay spangled and white  
Though his heart beneath was fervent and  
light.

He flew o'er the hills, he sped through the  
vale

Where snow mist was blinding and day grew  
pale.

The darkness is deeper, the winds wail loud,  
The eddies are weaving for earth a shroud,  
The spirit of winter moans through the trees,  
Yet Ethel hears not the sigh of the breeze,  
For love is stronger than tempest or cold;  
When all else is shrinking, love will be bold,  
For now she was waiting, faithful she stood  
Out in the storm by the dark waving wood.  
On her wide winter cloak the snow drops lay,  
Her soul as pure and spotless as they.

O! hinder him not, ye darkness and snow;  
I hear him coming! I see him! O! no.

What means this moaning that strikes like a  
dart?

And O! this coldness that steals to my heart!  
Shall I fly to my room, whence I have fled?  
Never! I'll seek Gerald living or dead.

Away went Ethel through the gloom of  
night;

Love scattered the darkness, love winged her  
flight.

She noted each shadow, she heard each moan,  
And there 'neath the pines where gloom  
reigned alone,

A place where fiends would dare the dark  
deed,

She saw mid the blackness a waiting steed,  
And there enwrapped in the robes of his  
sleigh

Bleeding and dying her loved Gerald lay.

The truth through the darkness flashed on  
her mind;

She seized the strong reins, she sped like the  
wind.

'Twas plain a rival by jealousy led

Had struck Gerald down and left him for  
dead.

But help was soon found; a surgeon's skill  
Joined Ethel's fond care and loving good  
will,

And life came back; light returned to his  
eyes;

Love yet will triumph and win the grand  
prize.

Cold as the moon rose the sun in the air  
O'er Ethel's loved home, but she was not  
there.

Call Ethel! Why does she silent remain?  
Cried her father, but cried only in vain.  
They search far around, but no trace can dis-  
close

Save only her tracks half hid by the snows;  
But far to a cottage their way is led,  
Where they find her bringing life to the dead.

No pleading is needed; parents relent,  
And to the lovers a blessing is sent.  
When winter no longer maddens the breeze  
And blue birds and robins sing in the trees,  
Gerald and Ethel were wedded one day  
As happy birds that are nesting in May.

## A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

I am so charmed when'er I view  
Upon a woman's face  
Expression, form, and color, too,  
    A trinity of grace,  
That I am forced in self-defense,  
(To keep my mind controlled by sense)  
    That face to analyze  
In light of calm philosophy,  
    As if within the skies  
A wondrous group of stars I saw  
To be resolved by Cosmic law  
And mapped and measured out by me;  
A starry realm not mine, yet mine,  
    Almighty, yet serene,  
Material, and yet divine,  
    As clear and yet unseen,  
So shy and yet so bold,  
So warm and yet so cold;  
And still I do survey  
And note, divide and weigh;  
As some hard botanist would take  
A lily and should shred and break  
And list each riven part  
With speculative art,  
And analyze the beautiful  
For benefit of science cool.

## II.

Now, then, to my analysis:  
A beauteous face resolved is this—  
Expression, Form, and Color, too,  
Harmonious blent to please the view.

## FORM.

Fine form—or native or acquired,  
Beloved by most, by all admired,  
To every age doth seem to show  
The friend and not the obtrusive foe.  
Great nature doth smooth form approve  
In spheres rotund that circling move,  
In rain drops round, in brooks that curve  
Around hard rocks that will not swerve;  
In manners polished well that woo  
Assent from mind and conscience too;  
E'n villians oft, when smooth, prevail,  
While honesty, when rough, will fail.

## COLOR.

Fine color was by heaven designed  
To feast the eye and please the mind.  
In cheek or lip or blushing rose,  
Or tints of morn or evening's close,  
The notes we learn to know  
Of Nature's Oratorio.  
The topaz and the beryl's sheen,

The turquois blend of blue and green,  
The emerald and amethyst,  
The opal's gay and gorgeous mist  
Are tones that voice the heavenly mind  
That in the urim was divined;  
While rocks that dark and formless be  
Are discords in the symphony,  
Repellant as a murky face  
That is devoid of color's grace,  
While flash of eye and hue of cheek  
In wining notes of concord speak,  
This to delight, that to repel,  
A heaven this; and that a hell.

## EXPRESSION.

Of these, 'tis my belief  
Expression is the chief  
Component of a charming face;  
All yield to her the honored place.  
For by expresion's skillful aid  
Are love's most potent conquests made.  
Fine form and color transient reign;  
Expression conquers to retain.  
Expression is the flash that tells  
Where beauty's mighty spirit dwells,  
With hidden forces and relays  
That fill and yet elude the gaze.

O! I have seen a wight that saw  
His counterpart in some plain face,



A face defiant of each law  
Of color, form, or gentle grace,  
And yet to his subjective sight  
'Twas perfect beauty and delight.  
Affinity of opposites  
Oft ends in holy marriage rites.  
Beware the charms concealed behind  
The subtle masteries of mind;  
Well aimed and keen the shafts that be  
Hurled from the masked battery.

But shall I tell you how to gain  
The gift of beauty and retain?

Think not of charms that you would own  
Nor to yourself your wish be known,  
For Beauty is a maiden shy  
And from her wooers she will fly,  
But will her liberal gifts convey  
To those who look from her away.  
If then to win her be your plan,  
Strive first to be a perfect man,  
Or perfect woman, sane and whole  
In mind, in body and in soul.

And you must walk where few have gone,  
And you must fly where few have flown,  
And feel those joys that make life new,  
Peculiar to the favored few.

And you must feast upon the rare  
Ambrosia of angelic fare,

And store the wealth that few possess  
If you would own rare happiness,  
And happiness can beautify  
More than all else beneath the sky.  
Not that you dare the polar zone,  
Try seas afar, and ports unknown,  
Or climb the Pyramids, or scale  
The Alps or Rocky Mountain trail,  
Or peep at mausoleum old,  
And all art treasures should behold,  
And wonders rare should gaze upon  
Spread out from Ind to Albion.

Not these, for scores have seen and will  
Remain ill-favored mortals still.  
But rather let your curious eye  
Search rarer regions nearer by;  
Climb Fancy's Alps or Pyramid,  
View scenes from common mortals hid,  
And in the life of here and now  
Find Beauty's gems to deck your brow:  
And may that beauty be in you  
The lustre of the good and true.

## HOMEWARD.

A marvellous mocking bird  
Some how had heard  
That I was going on the morning train  
    And came at peep of day  
    And sang a medley gay  
And sweetly begged me to remain.

Then changing his fashion  
Into a passion,  
From bough to bough skyward sang he;  
    Then wheeling round and round  
    From tree top to ground  
With mighty pathos in his plea.

The skies of deepest blue,  
The gales that woo,  
The sound of the surf far away,  
    And gorgeous hue and bloom  
    And tropical perfume  
In concert sang, "Stay awhile, stay.

Fond friends around me throng  
With mirth and song  
And subtle art and winning wile  
    By wood and sea and camp  
    And the parlor's bright lamp,  
And craftily said, "Stay awhile."

But they strive all in vain  
Me to detain,  
Though skillful and sincere they are;  
    In all this fair world round  
    No minstrelsy can drown  
The song of the loved home afar.

## THE DEATH OF MARCELLUS.

[Translated from Virgil.]

What handsome youth is that whose weapons  
shine?

He seems the son of an illustrious line!

Applause resounds, and pageants near him  
tread,

But sable night is gath'ring round his head;

Joyless he seems; his eyes no lustre shed.

Ye gods! Rome's sons were more like gods  
than men

Had your celestial gifts perpetual been.

And so the favored youth Marcellus dies,

Too great for earth when envied of the skies.

Thou Tiber dost behold an empire's woe

As near his tomb thou glidst in silent flow.

Bring blooming flowers, bring lilies wet with  
dew,

These to the shade of brave Marcellus strew:

And ye of martial deeds that know no fear,

In battle groan and pour the manly tear,

For none on foot could meet his flashing  
blade

And none his foaming courser could evade.

The Trojan line shall not excel his name,

Nor land of Romulus eclipse his fame.

## CONQUEST.

Have you not seen some weary zone  
With only rocks or brambles strewn,  
And you have wished that trees were there  
And gardens green and fruitage rare?

E'n so there is an arid waste  
In every sphere where you are placed;  
Some barren realm that you should seize,  
Reclaim and plant with heavenly trees.

That desert realm may be within,  
So with yourself the work begin;  
Plant seeds of truth where thorns abound,  
Then clear and till the stubborn ground.

Thence like bold Colon seek where grand  
And wider wastes invite your hand,  
For he who can himself subdue  
Can subjugate the savage too.

## THE BENEFICENT OCEAN.

Some sing the ocean's sounding shore  
And echo back her wail and roar,  
Or paint her changing hue and mood,  
Her melancholy solitude,  
Her calm, severe or fitful reign  
O'er her vast empire's old domain,  
As on a magic screen they show  
The calms that smile, the storms that blow,  
Then hold a conch close to your ear  
That you some murmurings should hear.  
But, O! methinks 'tis vain for thee  
To try to paint sublimity,  
Or motion swift or roar sublime,  
As if you'd set in words of rhyme  
Lightning and tempest that the while  
Belike stage thunder move a smile.

    Much rather would I choose to sing  
        The Ocean's wide beneficence;  
    Her storms a joyous murmuring,  
        Her empire man's defense:  
Her gales the chiding of a friend,  
Her tempests only to defend  
From greater harm; her mists and tides  
A care that ceaselessly abides.  
Had ancient seas, where sails unfurled  
Wafted the commerce of a world,

(The classic world that first arose,)  
Been peaks of supercilious snows,  
Or plains swept by fierce gales of sands,  
Dividing races, nations, lands,  
Troy had inspired no singer's tongue  
Nor Virgil echoed Homer's song,  
Nor Solon sailed from shore to shore  
Enriched by trade in law and lore,  
For there had been no cities brave,  
No isles to gem the storied wave.

Then hail! Thou mighty friend! no chain  
Can bind, no gold thy high domain  
Can buy; no hireling touch can mar  
Thy charms or spoil thy wealth; no war  
Can rob thee, or once can desecrate  
Thy shrine or scatter thine estate.

Though man would spoil thee, if he dare,  
Still thou dost make mankind thy care.  
For man thou breathest health. Thy gales  
To waft life and ten thousand sails  
Bear clouds of fertile rain  
To slake the thirsty plain,  
Thou, colleague of the God of day  
And partner of the moon's mild sway.  
Thou, with thy globe-embracing arm  
Art fiercely kind, sublime of charm.



## MATTIE AND I.

Who thinks, and I am sure she knows,  
That of all flowers the queenly rose  
The fairest, loveliest flower that blows?  
                    Mattie.

Who thinks the rose is not so fair  
As Mattie's cheek and forehead are  
Nor with her beauty can compare?  
                    I do.

Who thinks the stars of summer night  
Are wonderful in beauty bright  
Forever seen with new delight?  
                    Mattie.

Who thinks the star-lit tropic skies  
Profoundly deep in midnight dyes  
Less wonderful than Mattie's eyes?  
                    I do.

## ANACREONTIC.

The sun a struggle vain hath made,  
With all his glowing might,  
To hurl his shafts beneath the shade  
And drive out dim twilight;  
While saucy love with perfect ease  
Wounds in the dark e'n whom he please,  
And laughs to let his arrows fly  
And hit the apple of the eye.

When healing springs of waters rare  
By nature nicely brewed,  
Where scenes of rugged beauty are  
Fair Nature making mortals fair  
Their charms by charms renewed,  
Here liquid health bounds up to kiss  
The lip of youth or glowing miss,  
Yet kisses all in vain for love  
Off to the springs will slyly rove  
And plant confusion in the face  
And fix the eye with sickly gaze.  
Great Nature yields to Love's decree  
And smiles upon her victory.

When all the glories of the land  
Come forth to meet the sun,  
When wood and sea extend the hand

To every tired one:  
When children loudly call  
Round fragrant stocks of wheat and hay,  
Or over garden wall,  
Or with white sands of sea shore play,  
Then older heads try serious thought  
'Neath solemn shade by science taught.  
Right well 'tis called a summer school  
For high instruction calm and cool.  
But learned themes are half in vain,  
For Love with his distracting train,  
Within the tent secures a pass  
To teach his arts to every class.  
Love then in satisfaction smiles  
His pupils learn so many wiles.

Along a mountain's rugged way  
Behold a chieftain ride:  
A mighty enterprise is his: the day  
Looks down on him with pride.  
With foam his steed is spangled o'er  
White as the waves upon the shore  
When mightiest gales subside.  
Dead falls the steed to rise no more;  
No lingering here to weep distress;  
He gives the beast a last caress,  
Then up and on from rock to rock  
He meets the gale; defies its shock:  
Confronts the cougar's frenzied ire;  
Her eyes of green and yellow fire  
Seem but a glow worm's flame, as back

He hurls each desperate attack.  
Encounters next wild robber men  
Amid the cliffs that wall their den.  
The rattling muskets crash  
The polished Bowie's flash  
Play on the mountain's furrowed ledge  
Like lightning on the tempest's edge.  
'Tis done! The brigands yield! The spoils  
Are his; his were the dangerous toils.  
Descending to the vale below  
Love draws on him the fatal bow.  
A pretty maid peeps from her bower  
To see the hero of the hour.  
Her glance is only Cupid's dart  
With fatal wound to pierce his heart.  
At once he yields to Love's sweet thrall;  
Love conquering him, has conquered all.

## THE UNWRITTEN.

There's many things unread  
In books or words of teacher,  
And songs ne'er sung or said  
By minstrel, sage or preacher,  
Though songs and books should multiply  
'Neath every grove and dome and sky.

A word is but a guide  
That points the index finger  
Where brighter fancies bide:  
O'er words then do not linger,  
But onward fly to regions blest  
Where thoughts are grandly unexpressed.

Two lovers wrapt in bliss,  
When night falls softly sable,  
Perchance will steal a kiss  
While things unutterable  
They feel: things that might well befit  
The holy book of the unwrit.

A gazer in the night  
Stands silent looking starward;  
His face bespeaks delight  
As fancy plunging forward  
Roams joyous on from star to star;  
O! let no words his vision mar!

A youth the future day  
Explores in awe and wonder,  
O! let him dream away  
And rapturously ponder;  
I would not dash his gorgeous dream,  
Nor crush the flowers that only seem.

And in the varied sphere  
Of man's religious dreaming,  
Though some should hold most dear  
The mystic and the seeming;  
Seek not with frozen words to bind  
The harmless freedom of the mind.

But hail great words that bear  
The soul above its sorrow;  
That take the sting from care  
And make today tomorrow,  
Transforming clouds to genial skies  
And rugged earth to Paradise.

## OF MANY BOOKS.

There's many idle words and trivial things  
The dreamer says and sings,  
And you must winnow heaps of chaff to gain  
Perchance one golden grain.

And books like countless locusts swarm and  
fly  
And swift as locusts die;  
These myriads winged cicadas of the press  
'Tis vain to try suppress.

Is there not use for chaff and locusts all  
And autumn leaves that fall?  
For mark you how much seems to waste away  
Created for decay.

What ocean's vast in genial light are tossed  
Off from the sun and lost;  
One ray in millions strikes a planet's face  
The rest are drowned in space.

The leaves that dance awhile and lose their  
hold  
Will make a fertile mold;  
So mortal lives and works downed by the  
blast  
Enrich the world at last.

## WRANGLING PHILOSOPHERS.

You'd think philosophers superior to  
Mist, moonshine or the wildest storms that  
    brew  
In all terrestrial air; for have they not  
Deep anchored to the stars their heavenly  
    thought,  
E'n as a ship is anchored to a rock?  
Why should they quiver, then, at the small  
    shock  
Of zephyrs light? and flecks of foam? Why  
    sound  
Alarm as though the deep were stirred pro-  
    found?  
'Tis this: Your high philosopher is made  
Of chemic parts just as the sons of trade  
And toil. But more than this, (the trope to  
    change)  
His meditations take a narrow range,  
And as he narrows, grows the more intense  
With less and less of worldly wit and sense.  
Impetuous, then, is he like torrents pent  
In narrow gorge where all their force is spent;  
Which stream at times though noiseless  
    quite and dry  
Is terrible when storms are passing by.  
But, then, thank Heaven, less dangerous is  
    the full  
Mad torrent than the wide and stagnant pool.



## THE POET'S REALM.

The poet's telescopic eye  
Rmotest star realms can descry,  
Then from the universal sphere  
He turns to things minute and near.  
Planets or plants he can survey,  
To mice or monarchs tune his lay,  
He dreams with saint and seer and sage,  
Laughs with gay Comus of the stage,  
Sings with the lark on field and moor,  
Roars with the ocean's sounding shore,  
He echoes war's most dread appeal  
Or dances a plain country reel,  
Or city waltz with whirling heel;  
Weeps with the mourner by the tomb,  
Smiles with the new made bride and groom;  
Soldier or Senator is he,  
Or sword or words his weapons be.  
At home he views the tropic seas  
And flies to either pole with ease.  
Mid Arctic ice or balmy isles  
Alike he plays or scolds or smiles,  
All ages pass before his eye,  
The near is far, the far is nigh.

The solid mount, the flowing stream,  
Or lonely walk or marts that teem,

Or wintry peak or vale of spring,  
Or stalwart oak or vines that cling—  
And all contrasting scenes doth he  
Attune to his smooth minstrelsy.

But cold philosophy severe,  
The level, passionless and drear  
He shuns; and never yet his song  
Has been in tune with tyrant wrong;  
And if by chance he for awhile  
Defend old wrong or bondage vile,  
He sings a feeble, lisping rhyme,  
Discordant, harsh and out of time.  
Soon weary of an alien strain  
He sings his native song again.  
The mighty theme of liberty  
And how to make men great and free  
Now siezes him with high control,  
Beats with his heart, breathes with his soul.

And yet what'er the poets theme,  
Or dreadful strife or downy dream,  
Sweet love is goddess of his day  
The sun and monarch of his lay;  
'Tis love with vehemence divine  
In every page and word will shine.

## TO L——A

If day or night I cannot tell  
And yet do I remember well  
That hour when last we met :  
All trembling like a storm tossed tree  
Shook by a tempest sure were we,  
A blast of wild regret ;

For love's sweet summer day had flown,  
Its violets and roses gone ;—  
While only withered leaves  
Remain tossed by the blinding blast  
Reminding of the summer passed  
And joy that only grieves.

But why this change? As well  
To ask why tempests fierce and fell  
Sweep Porto Rico fair,  
To dev<sup>a</sup>state and crush and bend  
And wound and wreck and twist and rend  
All life and beauty there :

As well to urge the lightning's stroke  
To smite the weeds and spare the oak,  
Or beg the winter gale  
On rocks and shrubs to vent its wrath

Where leads the rugged mountain path  
And spare the verdant vale.

Your hand in mine along we went  
Where genial skies above us bent,—  
And happy years were those,  
Then blighting alienations came—  
Or if 'twas you or I to blame  
I seek not to disclose.  
Let silence with a mantle white  
Conceal your woes and mine from sight,  
As snow conceals the grave;  
For the dead past the world weeps not,  
But yearns for joy in hall or cot.  
And triumphs of the brave.

And then if we to men about  
The cup of hope and life hold out  
They will not care to drain  
The chalice of old bitterness,  
Wrung from our dark and stale distress,  
The very dregs of pain.

To him the world is harsh and rude  
Who prates about ingratitude:  
But there are smiles for those  
Who bloom with joys that men can see,  
Like May days' gorgeous apple tree,  
Or fragrant ruby rose.

'Twas a barbarian belief  
The bitten man was rogue or thief  
    Struck by avenging rod;  
But when they saw no harm was felt,  
Before the bitten saint they knelt  
    And worshipped him as God.

The world to-day is just the same  
In spite of creed or cloak or name:  
    It curses him who faints;  
So let us firmly keep our feet  
And gladly breathe the incense sweet  
    That's burned before the saints.

## TO F——

I wandered through a busy foreign street  
Where now the ancient and the modern meet.  
Cathedrals vast in reverend grandeur rose,  
The sculptured marbles speak, the canvas  
glows,  
While over all was thrown that glorious haze  
That is transmitted down from ancient days.

But all these scenes to me are falsely shown,  
For I, alas! am wand'ring there alone;  
No one is near with kindred heart and eye  
Each scene to share and each to beautify.

I thought that Ruben's canvas was too red,  
On Turner's too much fog and haze were  
spread;

I thought that many a worthless marble piece  
Had been exhumed from ruined Rome and  
Greece.

While in this mood perplexed behold I meet  
A friend, one whom it is a joy to greet,  
And now I view all things with better eyes,  
The lurid glare from Ruben's canvas flies,  
And Turner's fogs are sun mists sure to  
please,  
Venus of Milo is a master piece.

Just such a friend and more are you, I own;  
You came when I was harsh, a stranger lone;  
All things around were tinct in lurid dyes,  
The earth was wrong, so were the skies:  
Now aided by your genial eyes and mind,  
Earth and Heaven change, and face of human  
kind,  
A golden glory paints the world anew  
And gladdens every path that I pursue.

For when you say you love the rural  
scene —  
The vales, the wooded hills, the meadows  
green,  
The thoughtful silence of the solitude,  
Or warblers of the orchard, field and wood  
Then do I gaze upon the country fair  
And charms behold I never thought were  
there,  
The woodland sings, the hills repeat the song,  
The arching skies the melody prolong.

When F—— lisps her praise of ocean's  
shore,  
Or silent wonders when the billows roar,  
Or daintily imprints the pearly sand  
With feet that linger long upon the strand,  
I love the sea shore then; yes, all the time  
I have declared the ocean was sublime

And beautiful in every changing mood,  
A realm of wonders not a solitude.

Should F—— then return unto the street  
Most pleased familiar scenes and friends to  
greet

Then on the city's frowning walls I read:  
Here is the place for life and joy indeed,  
Here minds with minds in emulation rise  
And sparkling wit illumines the social skies.

Should F—— dear, amusive read the page  
Of poet, saint, philosopher or sage,  
'Tis then I vow I have such loving zest  
For Plato, Homer, Ruskin and the rest,  
I walk with Plato in the grove divine,  
With armed Achilles break the Trojan line,  
Or revel mid Venetian scenes anew,  
Or wond'ring gaze on Alpine gentian blue.



## TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

O! Twentieth Century, thy fame  
Shall be great; thou wast born  
Mid mighty welcomes that proclaim  
A giant's natal morn.

More than Herculean labors thine,  
A mighty task if not divine;  
To strangle beasts and serpents old  
That feast on human flesh and gold;  
To slay Stymphalian birds that feed  
On dying men: to stay the greed  
Of monstrous wealth and power; e'n then  
Thy mighty task will just begin,  
For thou must bring with mighty hand  
Apples of gold so long  
Concealed in that dim fairy land  
Of hope and airy song,  
The visions of the seer and sage,  
Hesperian dreams of every age,  
And make this Century to be  
The cycle of humanity;  
And place the people on the throne  
Where manhood rules and rules alone.

O! Hercules who shall command  
Thee do this work? Shall Switzerland?

Shall bright New Zealand of the West \*  
Eurysthean Island of the blest?  
Who shall direct this golden time,  
Surpassing brightest hopes sublime?

America, thou once didst guide  
Man's struggling race. Thou wast the pride  
Of nations, for thou wast not then  
The prey of mercenary men.

Awake my native land, before  
Thy poor become abjectly poor!  
'Ere Pluto cast thy people down  
And wear a tyrant's sword and crown.

America, 'tis not too late;  
Thou still hast youth and life;  
Thou art not yet degenerate,  
And dead to noble strife.  
To make all nations great and free  
Go join the chosen few  
Who in this mighty century  
Shall make the world anew.

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\*Reference is here made to the Initiative and Referendum in Switzerland and governmental control of certain corporations in New Zealand. These movements in the direction of popular government, when taken together with other reforms, place these two peoples in the forefront of modern progress and lead us to believe that the Twentieth Century will see the whole world happily governed by the people for the people.

## TWO VOICES—A REVERIE

At that long season of the year  
When leaf and grass are brown and sere,  
And mournful music from the trees  
Falls on the ear in minor keys,  
A rugged voice doth call me forth  
To meet and battle with the north,  
And conquer storm and cold and place  
The flush of vict'ry on my face,  
So when within the hall I meet  
My friends, a victor they will greet.

## II

'Ere long another voice is heard to say;  
From tyrant Winter haste thee, haste away.  
Tis vain to battle with a senseless storm,  
For cold means death, and winter is deform.  
Haste to the land where blooming flowers ex-  
hale  
And genial life is wafted on the gale  
Where every scene wears beauty's perfect  
dress  
And every passing gale is a caress.  
Go rest thee by the shore of Southern seas  
Where laughing waves respond to humming  
bees,

There, free from the erosion of unrest,  
Breathe deep and slow and for a while be  
blest.

## III

Then comes a voice in swift reply,  
Declaring that the Southern sky  
Will lull thee into mean repose  
Such as the idle dreamer knows:  
Thy life in ease will ebb away,  
Ambition fall into decay;  
The mind bound with a sensuous chain,  
The meaner powers will rise and reign  
As when a captain on the deep  
Indulge in reverie or sleep  
And then the crew, of baser mind,  
Will sudden rise and sieze and bind  
The captain and disgrace the sea  
With lewd and lawless revelry;  
Or anchor in some port of ease  
Mid harpies of the land and seas;  
The master bound they mar the shore;  
The base grown baser than before.

## IV

Then willing quite to hear the other side  
I listened to the voice that soon replied:

If Southern gales should make the calm at  
length,

'Tis but the calm of conscious right and  
strength.

See from the warm Mediterranean shore,  
How mighty men have ever gone before;  
New thoughts, new lands, new worlds to bring  
to light

To chase away the gloom of Northern night,  
And with a calm yet proud and regal tread  
The long procession of the nations lead.

Foundations first were laid in Southern clime  
For number's Fane, symmetrical, sublime.

The Arabs then that temple did adorn  
When Northern nations were as yet unborn.  
Who equals Cadmus' name or even can,  
Whose art of arts embalmed the words of  
man?

'Twas mid Aegean isles that song was first  
Begun that through the world is now re-  
hearsed.

Philosophy, born in the open air,  
Attained immortal energy: 'twas where  
The olive flourished and the fig was blue  
The son of Sophroniscus from Heaven drew  
Divine philosophy to mortal view:  
And Moses meek, the Midian gentleman,  
Lawgiver not alone of race and clan  
Perpetual, but king of nations he

To charm the flinty rock, divide the sea  
And lead great peoples on as once he led  
A band of freedmen clamoring for bread :  
And other seers by time and space remote  
Who yet that olden book in concert wrote :  
An He of Galilee, the man divine  
In whom all royal names in splendor shine,  
Taught out of doors : by palm or sea his school  
Where only breezy shades or seas were cool.  
Art, science, law, were born 'neath sunny  
    skies ;  
Religion, too, and all her mysteries.  
Once westward was the son of Terah sent  
And Yakyamuni to the Orient,  
Where Zoroaster truth with error blent,  
And Ormuszd bright proclaimed and Ahri-  
    man,  
Whence the wise Parsees of the East began :  
And he of Mécca in the South arose  
When all the saints in crust divisions froze,  
And scourged the church back into life ; 'Twas  
    he  
Rebuked contention and idolatry  
And left a race, a creed, a work behind,  
The wonder, the enigma of mankind.

## V

The voices ceased ; I answered then ;  
I'll choose both North and South and when

'Tis inconvenient for me  
To loiter by a Southern sea  
I'll stay at home mid heat or snow  
And watch the seasons come and go:  
Delighted with the circling view;  
Dissolving scenes forever new;  
A thousand changes here conveyed  
Without my cost, without my aid;  
For it is not the balmy breeze  
Nor yet the climes that chill and freeze  
That make men wise or weak or great,  
But 'tis the use of your estate.  
There's health in all the gales that blow,  
Or soft with balm or keen with snow;  
Wonders in all lands, seas and skies,  
Or clad in flowers or glinting ice,  
And kindred souls can ever find  
The genial heart, the aspiring mind.

## HAPPINESS.

One summer day I had some neighbors mine  
Come in and chat a social while and dine.  
To make more pleasant the event  
My invitations nice were only sent  
To those unlike, for there's affinity  
Of opposites—or so it seemed to me—  
I asked the richest man around; and, too,  
The poorest man that was not worth a sou;  
The dreamer and the man of public strife,  
And others from extremes of human life—

The pauper and the Croesuses indeed  
Both came at once, as if agreed;  
Then dreaming Somniosus talking to  
Himself and looking in the air to view  
Some placid palace swinging there; all these  
Did seem surprisingly at ease  
And smiled to see themselves, a picture quite  
Contrasting in his hues, its shade and light.

## II

Now while for some the fragrant tea was  
poured,  
And yiands plain went nimbly from the board,



I ask each one that he in brief express  
His views regarding human happiness.  
And first I asked the poor man to relate  
What he esteemed for man the happiest state.  
And then Paupertas said: 'Tis wealth brings  
ease

And elegance and they can always please.  
The poor man owns a strenuous lifeoppressed,  
The rich man can relax and grow and rest.  
Ten thousand servants on you will attend;  
You'll never stand in need of help or friend;  
All men that sail the sea or toil on land  
Serve you without your care or your com-  
mand.

Men will speak well of you before your face,  
Your dog too fat, your horse too lean they'll  
praise,  
Your wrongs forgive and say, while they con-  
done,  
Were I but he, his faults would be my own.

All knowledge microscopic or sublime,  
The gold saved from the grinding mill of  
time,  
The gifts of every age and land and sea  
And wide earth's ever changing scenery  
Are yours with ministry of joy immense  
Should you but wisely use earth's opulence.

But if this wealth demand a labored quest

You are prepaid in wholesome toil and zest  
And I am not alone in giving this  
Advice, for millions dream of fortunes bliss  
And only spurn wealth's power, and joy and  
pride,  
When to themselves that wealth had been de-  
nied  
And e'n that church that most commends the  
poor  
Is opulent with alms, and grasps for more.

## III

He said; and Croesus then replied severe  
To chide the wrong and make the right way  
clear.  
With glances sharp at him who just sat down  
He thus discoursed: If you would wear the  
crown  
Of happiness, O! choose you not the weight  
Of riches or the care of an estate:  
No wealth to make men praise you to your  
face  
E'n while they plot your ruin or disgrace.

The rich assailed by every envious mind  
Like mountain peaks exposed to every wind  
Forbidding are and chill as mountain snow  
While poverty, calm in the vale below,  
Fervent, communicative and serene,  
Laughs with his children sporting on the  
green.

Expansive as the clouds and mountains blue  
His garden is the earth, the Heavens, too,  
The Universe and God complete his store  
Nor mortal man nor angel could have more  
And all secure by title deed divine,  
He can sublimely say, all things are mine.  
No so the man who hold by human fee,  
For oft he challenges his warranty,  
Suspicious that, e'n while he yet may live  
Capricious men can take what they can give.

Poor Dives is esteemed a happy man,  
His riches serve him well as riches can,  
And yet mistrusting men and fearing blame  
He fears to let his generous nature blaze  
And so he mopes and shuns the public gaze  
And not with buoyant life he seems to glow  
But as the dodder frail or mistletoe,  
That vilely feeds upon another's life  
And so reproved by poverty's wan strife  
He buys a yacht and sails the ocean's tide,  
Dives in the mountains—any where to hide.  
Estranged from wholesome thought and toil,  
his veins  
With venom flow, his form is racked with  
pains.  
With ashen face from clime to clime he flies  
Til scenes and climates fail, and then he dies,  
And leaves his bags of gold beside the way  
To guild some youthful scion's swift decay

Or debts of old degenerate dukes to pay.  
How fitting 'tis that gold to folly left  
Perchance was won by fraud or lawful theft.

But should the rich cold and insensate be  
To cries of need and wrongs of poverty,  
All plethoric and adipose are they  
Like the fat goose that is the fox's prey  
While leaner ones will rise and fly away:  
Or they, the figure changed, like rankest  
wheat,  
When tempests rise, fall by their useless  
weight.

And still some foe is near the rich to seize  
Or flattery, vice, fear or rank disease  
Or titled fools that swarm across the seas;  
These crowd the rich man's path or lie in wait  
And find access through some unguarded gate.

Such is the doom of those who gold adore,  
Such is the fate of all their heavy store.  
Beware gold's bright deceit and choose to be  
The child of toil and decent poverty.

He said, then Somniosus rose  
And this the theme and these the words he  
chose:

'Tis neither wealth nor poverty can bring  
The happiness of which the poets sing  
And sages called chief good, the good su-  
preme,

And old philosophers oft made their theme;  
And school men cogitated in their mind,  
Themselves the blind conductors of the blind.

We need not seek afar the fortune blest,  
'Tis near at hand and waits to be a guest.  
They call me idle dreamer yet I know  
A busy life is chiefest good below.  
For rich or poor, the foolish or the wise  
The happiness of all in action lies—  
The sad is motionless e'n like a stone,  
The joyous is to action ever prone.  
See how the moping owls complain and stare  
While swallows twitter joyous through in air.  
The gurgling brook makes merry all the scene  
While idle ponds enrobed in venom green  
Repel the eye and envious send abroad  
Miasma, persecuting fly, and toad.  
See how the idle rich mid viands pine  
While toiling poor on vegetables will dine  
And in each dish find flavor and delight  
Unknown to idly pampered appetite.

O! blest the rich who wisely seek and find  
Brown toil—the toil that occupies the mind.  
O! blest the poor who mid each varying ill  
Can find some chosen occupation still.  
The whys and wherefores I need not declare  
It is enough to state things as they are..  
Thus spake the idle dreamer: Next I call  
An active man, the busiest of all.

Said he: A life of calm high thought is best,  
But think you are, and you are happiest.  
If you would drink of the Emperean spring  
You first must gain its source on Fancy's  
wing.

As active as a swallow, you will find  
The actor has a swallow's trivial mind.  
But thought and fancy move serene along,  
Than time or subtle elements more strong.  
The Fancy can, by swift volition led,  
Illume a dungeon, glorify a shed;  
Can spurn the ills that rack the mind and frame  
And say that agony is but a name,  
Exultant smile mid blistering tongues of fire,  
With rapture, not with burning to expire:

Can fly the prosy regions now and nigh  
(If ought is prosy to a poet's eye,)  
And join Archilles as he views the fall  
Of Hector dragged around the Trojan wall,  
With the relenting Greek is pleased again  
As he to Priam sends the noble slain:

With Virgil laugh, as from the wave set free  
Half drowned Menoetes vomits up the sea.  
Immortal Fancy! Vast is thy domain,  
Sensation high is thine without its pain;  
Thou can'st enjoy all Croesus owns and more,  
Nor feel the care of all his heavy store.

And what is faith?—the faith that lifts mankind;  
Undying zeal! 'Tis but a state of mind.  
Faith, Fancy, contemplation high, these three  
Are one in power and felicity;  
So spoke Activus in a serious vein,  
Contrasting with his life and love of gain.

Publius Spurius I next did call,  
Who was the only villain of them all;  
A knave most eminent was he, who by  
His fawning friends was now promoted high  
And feasted grand on public spoils each day;  
Stroking his beard he then began to say:

The happy life is in a quiet vale  
Where cares are few and friendships never fail.  
It makes me glad to think of such a life  
Where honest toil is free from wrong and  
strife.

Since he that in the rural quiet stays  
Sees not those wrongs that shock the urban  
gaze;

Beholds no beasts in bliss, no knaves on high,  
Nor fashion's giddy whirl to daze the eye;  
Sees not the poor plod to his toil afar,  
While rogues loll in a coach or sumptuous car,  
Or mix spiced gossip with their sparkling wine,  
While half paid mothers shiver as they dine—  
Where purseproud coarseness sets a scorching  
pace

And decent pride is distanced in the race—  
“Hold! Hold,” I cried, your arguments mean  
this :

That in extremes of life resides no bliss—  
The very poor declare the rich are blest,  
The very rich think poverty is best,  
The public man dotes on a private life,  
While the obscure aspire to public strife;  
The dreamer dreams of tempest riven seas,  
While action longs for quiet port of ease;  
We then concede, while erring man is prone  
To reach extremes, he scarce can hope to own  
The boon of earthly bliss, the happy prize  
That as he fast pursues still faster flies :  
Till only in his dreams his rapture lies.  
The guests then did entreat me give my view  
Of the most happy course that men pursue,  
And this I did but begged them each to use  
Discretion of his own before he choose.

## II

Were man a beast 'twere easy quite to say  
What were the blest, secure and happy way.  
It were enough to give men clothes and bread  
E'n as the stolid ox that's housed and fed.  
But see! Man is complex. His various needs  
Rise high above the beast that sleeps and feeds;  
E'n as a harp depends on many strings  
Each in accord, so life on many things



Depends. Body and mind must be supplied,  
No part too much, and yet no part denied.  
Then much upon man's varying mood depends  
And use of means to gain most happy ends.  
Today may call for toil, tomorrow rest,  
This day a feast, the next a fast is best.  
Sharp action now, and contemplation next,  
Now peace, now happiness is being vexed.  
In self-love oft, now love for others had,  
Now bliss in mirth, now bliss in being sad;  
In surging crowds, in solitude with age;  
In converse with a parrot or a sage,  
Now rapture in the halls of art and pride,  
Now all alone upon a mountain side,  
In marts of trade to clash like steel 'gainst steel,  
Now on a river's bank to wind the reel.  
It is monotony of thought and view  
That leads to mis'ry and the mad house, too,  
Who then amid a thousand paths can say  
This path and this alone is man's right way?

O! powers Divine! Ye spirits that preside  
O'er destinies or man, to me confide  
That word—that one brief word, if such there  
be,  
That is the sum of man's felicity!

Methinks the highest good of man is this;  
Obedience, Obedience is bliss.

If every source of misery we trace  
Or pain, vice, poverty, disease, disgrace,  
Some one has broken law or great or small  
And on some head the penalty must fall.  
Should happiness abound through wide extent  
Some one some where has been obedient.

The laws of God and Nature sacred be  
In origin, rewards and penalty.  
The Delphic seer that for Appollo spoke,  
Or the oracular Dodona Oak,  
Or holy hue of Urim's varied flash,  
Or law proclaimed on high mid thunder's crash  
More sacred or more potent cannot be  
Than common laws of health and decency.  
And should these common laws be disobeyed  
And men should be in filth and vice arrayed  
Mark how disease and wide distress prevail  
And men to Heaven cry without avail—  
Yes, cry in vain so long as disobedient  
Though in cathedral vast the knee is bent.

Go mark the law of love. God ne'er designed  
Him to be blest who will forget mankind.  
For though he rule some Caprae's sensuous  
isle

He like Tiberius grows sad as vile,  
It is God's law writ everywhere that all  
Shall suffer when the weakest err or fall;  
That liberty a partial boon shall be  
Till all the nations of the earth are free;  
And none shall be secure in health and ease

While one is wronged by tyrant or disease,  
And plagues from alley up to avenue  
Will steal, and over realms and oceans too,  
Then from the mansion's gate mid gorgeous  
    gloom  
The hearse proceeds with dark and nodding  
    plume,  
And crepe full oft the palace door displays  
And sumptuous cerements cloud the fairest  
    face;  
Such are the sympathetic links that bind  
The universal brotherhood—mankind.

Again, there is the law of labor and of rest;  
'Twas ne'er designed that idler should be blest,  
Nor, that the toiler toil severe and long  
Unvisited by rest and mirth and song.

That men be taught, and fed and clothed and  
    housed  
Is not enough: Mankind must be amused;  
For tedium is bane for rich and poor;  
Men crave the jolly maze or Terpsichore  
Or histrionic art in mimic fray,  
The hippodrome, bull fight or Passion Play,  
Street fairs, erotic tales, romantic grief,  
Severe field sports, ten thousand things in brief,  
That man from gnawing self may find relief:  
For they are few who can philosophize  
And with high thought dark phantoms exor-  
    cise.

But as ascent is made in knowledge true  
Sports, recreation, aims, are loftier too.

Thin savage and the gross blase' (dull cad)  
In cock pit or prize ring alike are glad.  
Fat Nero and his slaves their plaudits blend  
Where beasts and martyrs horribly contend,  
While sports humane and blithesome oft en-  
gage

Stout yeoman, manly saint or pallid sage.

Mark, then, how men obey some rule of life,  
In civil walks or on the field of strife.  
Some soar, some drag along the heavy plain  
Or moved by right, or lust or hope of gain.

The Spaniard will obey his code and fight  
Yet little seems to care if wrong or right.  
His moral purpose being vague, e'n so  
His aim is bad against his truth-armed foe.  
His purpose, his amusements base, he'll own  
His hero is a jockey or a clown,  
Or he that goads the placid bull to rage,  
(Fit sport for Spain or a barbaric age.)  
In peace a helpless man with childish mind,  
In war obed'ent, purposeless and blind;  
On sea his vanquished ships are wreck and rust,  
On land his sordid legions bite the dust,  
And as his realm parts from his feeble hands  
Earth laughs at his intrigue and weak de-  
mands.

Thus men transform as they obedient be  
To appetite or truth or liberty;

The loftier the code that they obey  
The higher, nobler, stronger, happier they.  
Men's happiness takes form, we must conclude  
Just as their natures are refined or rude;  
And so their pleasures from obedience spring,  
Some with hyenas laugh and some with ser-  
aphs sing.

## LINES TO SOUTHERN FRIENDS

I've wandered far in sunny Southland  
Where gleam the cotton and the cane,  
Where mountains in their lordly grandeur  
Look down upon the hill and plain,

Thence onward where the clear Wekiva  
Goes ever warbling to the sea,  
And by the bright shell tinted margin  
Of Tampa and the Manatee.

And everywhere in all this region,  
In cabin or in palace grand,  
Or rudest cottage by the forest  
I've ever grasped a welcome hand.

I've found the men were brave, the women  
Both gentle, true, and bright and fair,  
And if I met barbarian coarseness  
I will not tell you when or where.

I will not name the coward villain  
Who strove to rob me in the night;  
I will not name the boorish rustic  
Who sanctioned base and brutal might.

I let two foul names rot in silence  
 Where they with miscreants belong :  
 I'd sing the proud and worthy southron,  
 Fit theme for plastic art and song.

Mid violets and blooming roses  
 That everywhere my senses greet  
 I will not name the noxious fennel  
 That only once I chanced to meet.

To write a southern roll of honor  
 'Twould fill a book each one to name,  
 But valor does not ask for mention,  
 Nor virtue plead for place and fame.

Then hail! thou glorious Southland,  
 Resurgent from war's wreck and strife;  
 I glory in thy greater glory  
 And in thy new and mighty life.

## TO MAE

When last, My Friend, I saw your face  
Upon your features I could trace  
Perplexity and pain. I could  
Not understand why one so good  
Should be disquieted: Then I  
Did wish myself an angel sly  
That I might warble in your ear  
A soothing song of hope and cheer  
That like a panacea blest  
Would give you sure relief and rest—

I wished myself a bird that I  
Could near your open window fly  
And sit and sing low and sweet and gay  
And charm each thought of gloom away.

O! were I skilled in alchemy  
I'd dive down deep into the sea,  
Or dig the old hard mountains through  
To find a remedy for you.  
A thousand tomes I'd search to find  
One thoughtful gem to cheer your mind:  
I'd chase for you the sunbeams rare  
And steal elixir from the air  
And add the essence of a star.  
These elements I would distil  
And a nice vial I would fill



To be for you a fitting cure,  
A pleasant remedy and sure.

But says Hippocrates, the wise :  
There is befitting exercise  
To cure each ill that mortals bear  
And smooth the knitted brow of care.

Ah ! then what labor could you find  
Just suited to your frame and mind ?  
With you each varied toil I'd test  
Until we found the one that's best.  
We'd walk the fields or ocean's shore,  
Or trim the sail or ply the oar,  
Or toss or strike the bounding ball,  
Or loiter where the shadows fall,  
Or speed on wheels with airy spring  
Swift as a bird on noiseless wing ;  
High Alpine realms we would explore ;  
View Rome's most ancient treasures o'er ;  
All toil for hand or mind or eye  
In new and ancient worlds we'd try,  
Till kindly Heaven at last reveals  
The exercise that surely heals.

But if repose for you is best,  
Then go ,My Friend, and calmly rest :  
Go steal away and lightly doze  
Within the dreamland of repose  
While ministering angels place  
The wreath of health upon your face.

## MY MOTHER'S HAND

No other fingers could impart  
An unction like her own;  
Such anodyne for head or heart  
Elsewhere was quite unknown.

Right in the apostolic line  
Methinks my mother stood,  
If human touch can be divine  
Or mortals can be good.

And I was not alone for there  
Were others not a few  
Who equally with me did share  
Her benediction too.

Though small my mother's shapely hand  
'Twas strong with loving will;  
Superior to rules and usage grand  
Was her maternal skill.

The weight of four score years could not  
Impair affection's art,  
And in life's evening hour she wrought  
Nice tokens of her heart.

Her handiwork, since she is gone,  
I reverent behold ;  
A masterpiece is every one  
Above the price of gold.

Still larger toils were hers than these,  
And all performed full well ;  
What lives she built, what destinies  
Eternity will tell.

## A HYMN

I do not ask that I shall bear  
No trials on my road,  
I only ask my God to share  
The burden of my load;  
Then shall I find a joy in pain,  
Each cross a crown, each loss a gain.

I do not ask on earth to live  
'Neath suns of cloudless ray;  
I only ask that God shall give  
A light to guide my way;  
And then shall clouds be white as snow  
And death's dark vale with brightness glow.

I'd only know of doctrines deep  
Save as Thy will I do:  
The riches thou for me dost keep  
I ask not now to know;  
I'd learn, enjoy, obey, adore,  
Nor man nor angel could do more.

NON IGNARA MALI MISERIS SUC-  
CURRERE DISCO—VIRGIL

Mantua's gentle sage,  
I thank you for this line  
To brighten all this page:  
And if a word of mine  
Will seem not here profane,  
I'll add: When'er I aid  
The poor and the distressed;  
Bring hope to the dismayed,  
Set free the ones oppressed;  
For every joy I give,  
A greater I receive.

## MY LIFE

My life has been about  
As I have made it;  
Or good or bad or glad or sad  
I know no other life  
For which I'd trade it.

The world's old common cup  
Of pain and pleasure  
I take and drain, nor once complain  
Of quality or time  
Or place or measure.

Full many hours I've spent  
The crowd reviewing;  
The balcony the place for me  
To watch the crowd pass by,  
Their fads pursuing.

Or with a book in hand  
I watch the ages  
Proceed along, a vivid throng  
Of patriots, heroes, lords,  
Plain men and sages.

And yet who are the dead?  
And who the living?

Some lives are found in books well bound ;  
The dead unburied prowl,  
To self all giving.

Some live in noble deeds  
That perish never ;  
And some prolong their lives in song ;  
With living men I'd choose  
To live forever.

## TO JULIA

I knew a message sure had come  
Some hundred miles away :  
How could I tell  
My Southern Belle  
Would speak to me that day?

Through open window, porch and door,  
Where oft I write and muse  
A voice was heard  
Like some sweet bird  
That sang to me the news.

Beyond cold Reason's cumbrous realm,  
What wonders round us be,  
That Fancy's ear  
Alone can hear  
And Fancy's eye can see!



## MEN LIKE STARS

Oft have I watched a planet wander far  
And silent on through Heaven, knight errant  
star;

Once I observed twelve years a globe of fire  
Speeding the zodiacal course entire;

'Twas Jupiter, that orb of flaming gold  
That all who see with wonder still behold.

And then long time I saw another one  
Complete his orbit round the central sun;

'Twas he that journeys on mid glowing rings  
Of flame, fit escort for celestial kings.

E'n so some men we note as on they move  
Triumphant, brilliant like the course of Jove,

And others less intense and yet as true,  
Like Saturn slowly move their orbit through

Yet still mid satellites and rings of friends  
They journey ever 'till their journey ends.

For not all rings and satellites are wrong  
Upon the earth, as heavenly orbs among;

And if my heart rejoiced that there should be  
Such steadfastness and god-like certainty

Among the comic orbs so faint and far,  
In whirling planet or in moveless star,

Not less the ecstasy of joy I knew  
That men could be as lofty and as true;

Like planets bright to lure the gaze of all,  
Or local stars unnamed and twinkling small.

## GREATNESS

There's many would esteem it great to be  
Of't in the public gaze. To them 'tis fame  
To stand upon some trifling eminence  
Where eyes innumerable vaguely see :  
As if some snarly oak seen on a hill  
Should boast himself the greatest of the trees ;  
Or clumsy marble bust within a hall  
Grow vain where many pass and each bestows  
A glance or crude remark while those who most  
Impulsive are implant a kiss, or place  
A crown upon the unresponsive brow,  
The verdict of the injudicious throng.

It is enough for these to see a name  
Enrolled as Honorable, this or that,  
Or Senator or Judge or Duke or Count  
Or millionaire, while all unmindful of  
What coarseness, what rank rags, what leprosy  
Oft hide beneath a tinsel title, both  
In halls of state and in the social world.

But greatness is far more than name or fame,  
The great is he who does some worthy deed,  
Or speaks some helpful word in cheerful tone,  
—A cordial to those in agony  
Of woe, a cup for those athirst, or 'tis  
The throwing of a cable o'er the sea,  
Or girdling the arduous globe with steel

For the commodious car with lightning speed  
To pass o'er mountains, plains and continents.

'Tis great to backward hurl your country's  
foes,  
Or if that foe be armed men or vice ..  
And ignorance unarmed, the deadliest foes  
Of all because the tools of villainy.  
'Tis great to train the youthful mob for times  
Severe. Or in the ministries of home  
Forge, school and fireside all unsung, unknown  
Where is no boom of cannon or the cheer  
Of comradeship, or promise of reward.

The world remembers benefactors, though  
Not all alike. For some are monuments  
After a life amid tremendous cheers,  
For some are curses, execrations deep;  
For some a silent, reverent regard,  
As for that old Athenian god unknown.

O ever did you wake at midnight on  
The storm struck deep, when shrouds and rig-  
ging sang  
The song of death, and the deep trough between  
The seas might instant be your grave, have you  
Then thought of him who at the helm stood  
brave  
And calm mid hurricanes of death, and in  
The morning you have hasted forth to take

The valiant seaman by the hand, when lo!  
Another held the wheel who calmly said:  
The midnight pilot sleeps and takes his rest,  
Such is the world. When mortals wake to cheer  
Their benefactors, they are gone—perchance  
To take an endless rest—Hail! hail! you man  
Down deep within the hold of that swift bark,  
Pride of the sea; within your hot sphere you  
Are great; and you the midnight pilot true  
Are great. And you, my worthy friends, who  
in

The garden of the mind teach children how  
To rule the world. You now are guiding great  
Affairs. A million men there are in this  
Broad land who could direct affairs of state,  
And do direct such high concerns each day.  
'Tis easier to rule a state than rule  
A mob of boys and girls. 'Tis easier  
To rule trained armies than to train them squad  
By squad intractable of foot and eye.

Hail! hail! ye myraids who ready are  
To do the noble deed; for ye today  
Without the stimulus of praise or gold  
Are faithful in your calm but mighty sphere.

A Hobson wins applause and kisses too  
For his bold deed, grand though imperfect still,  
Yet be it known there were four thousand men  
Who said: Send me and my good comrades  
here;

We'll sink the Merrimac and bottle up

The Spaniard if you choose though shell fall  
round

From Morro hurled as thick as summer rain.

Who then shall say that one alone was brave?  
And yet the crowd with wide expanded mouth  
Pours inarticulate hussas for one  
Alone; and the pleibean lips come near  
With noxious kiss and breath malodorous.

See then what dangers those four thousand  
men

Escaped! How blessed are the great unknown!

And some will ask: Who was the greatest  
man

Of that great century that has just gone?

Both vague and arduous the question is,  
For there is none but God can tell who most  
Upbuilt the age with masonry of thought  
Or life. For mark you how some forces work  
Below the surface like the coral mite  
That silently upbuilds fair continents.  
Go mark you how that great occasions rise  
And lift to eminence small men just as  
Upheaving mountains lift the hazel high  
Above the mighty oak or towering pine,

Mark how a poet sings to fame the charge  
Of a brigade, a noble charge, 'tis true,  
And yet, alas! by force and not by choice  
They died in a Crimean strife as vain  
And useless as the bickering brawls of fools,  
For Balaklava did involve no high

And mighty principle of human weal—

No more do mortals know who are the great  
Than know the working of the hand of God;  
The process that evolves eternal stars  
To jewel fair the mystic brow of Heaven,  
Or other orbs to roam in blackest night,  
Eternally to see and yet unseen,  
Dark worlds that hold bright hosts in even  
scale,

The balance of power in God's empire vast.  
And still do mortal men amuse their minds  
Comparing star with star, as idly as  
The children playing in the twilight hour  
And greeting loud the foremost orbs of night.

So let it be; 'Twill harmlessly amuse  
Grown men and blinking age and childhood  
too.

TO MISS E—A, A SOUTHERN BELLE

With the great jolly world you've been  
 And also with the wits;  
 Their impress on your face is seen  
 For on your brow there sits  
 Intelligence as well as grace  
 To add full glory to your face.  
 But whence those native charms I see?  
 My fancy dares the mystery;  
 'Tis this; you grow serene and gay  
 Like realms of flowers fair;  
 Mid avenues of blooming spray  
 You steal the sunshine there;  
 Then smilingly you oft behold  
 Pinks and carnations too,  
 And as a thief steals sums of gold  
 You steal each rosy hue.  
 This nice possession you dispose  
 Upon your cheeks of blushing rose,  
 Your fetching way doth place I know  
 The lily's whiteness on your brow.

Whence come you by those flashing eyes  
 Of mystery and light?  
 Ah yes! you've watched the starry skies  
 And caught the flash of night.

I know you oft have seen the long  
Gray mosses and have walked among  
Them as they curve to every breeze  
In grace dependent from the trees;  
And there you've caught that conq'ring sway  
That bends, yet clings to lofty stay.  
Unconscious imitations' stealth  
Has brought you much of beauty's wealth,  
And yet you consciously much more  
Have added to your wondrous store.



## THE REFORMER

The world needs the Reformer, though  
His enemies should hurl  
At him the bat, or bind him to  
The stake, where with the whirl  
Of smoke and flame his spirit flies  
Abroad and lives and multiplies.

Full well the smooth hard tyrant knows  
The rude reformer by his clothes,  
Or voice pitched in a lofty key,  
His trousers bagging at the knee,  
His glistening coat of ancient date  
Befitting nothing but his gait;  
His bristling hair to breezes spread  
E'n like the thoughts within his head.

But should the bold reformer be  
In linen white and purple fine,  
His face a joy for all to see,  
And know the worth of mine and thine,  
His voice persuasive, sweet and low,  
The tyrant still would hate him, though,  
And picture him in crimson hue  
Of hatred, fear and ridicule,  
The hue that fires the common fool

To persecutions gloomy war,  
A hatred urged by men afar,  
Who while they seemingly deplore  
The strife—urge on to it the more.

The mitre and the gown,  
The ermine and the crown  
Will hail reform's auspicious day  
When others have first smoothed the way.

The fearless prophet first must cry,  
The valiant knight must strike or die,  
The statesman then with master mind  
All into form must shape and bind;  
When this achievement tyrants see  
They smile and bend the supple knee.

Maizzini in the wilderness  
Doth voice sad Italy's distress;  
Fierce Garibaldi leads the van  
Of mad Palermo's waiting clan,  
A nation from her prison flies,  
Fair Freedom lives, oppression dies,  
While sage Cavour shapes all things then,  
And crowned heads bow and say, Amen!

But why proclaim a dread alarm  
'Gainst seeming light and trivial harm,  
Or hurl 'gainst mountain peaks of wrong  
A fusilade of words and song?

We know that mountains have been moved  
And rivers been turned from their course  
And oft the light has heavy proved ;  
The trivial a mighty force,  
And brave men will the past exceed  
However mighty was the deed—  
And grander battles yet be won  
Than Waterloo or Marathon.

All this can the Reformer see  
By faith that grasps things yet to be.  
But more than this, he also sees  
Man's baser possibilities;  
How men pursuing things that please,  
Lust, opulence or fame or ease  
Grow blind to wrongs and dangers near,  
Alive to fortune dead to fear ;  
As if through some wide jungle deep,  
Where Cobras coil and vipers creep  
One should pursue with ardent eye  
A tiger or a butterfly  
And so intent the quest should be  
That naught of danger can he see,  
So lest the Cobra slay him there,  
There's need of one to cry, beware.

There's need of the Reformer in  
The State. If there be greater sin  
'I than doing wrong, 'tis suff'ring wrong  
Without a protest or a blow :

A yielding to abuses long  
And cringing to a tyrant low.  
Sometimes the tyrant is a thing  
In human form, a would-be king  
Whom slaves permit awhile to reign  
Until they rouse and with a chain  
Bind fast his wrists and he is scourged  
With rankling links himself had forged.

Or if that tyrant be  
A cruel custom long endured,  
Where men are taught to see  
No wrong in things not to be cured,  
There's need that one arise, defy  
And overthrow the wrong or die,  
And with brave blood infect the air  
To breed rebellion 'gainst despair.

There's mighty need the church within  
That some rebuke abuse and sin  
And designate the foe  
That like malaria and moles  
Moves brazen, dark or low  
To hurt or ruin simple souls.

There's need that one no longer ring  
The name of class or clan  
But like the prophet to the king  
Shall say, thou art the man.  
There's need upon that glittering realm

That's called society,  
Where cowards often hold the helm  
Upon a dangerous sea,  
And fearing lest the waves should whelm  
They run into a shallow bay  
A useless thing to be,  
All dead and rotting to decay;  
There's need of one to bravely steer  
To wide, wide seas from breakers clear  
To prosperous ports grandly to speed,  
Enriching all and all to lead.  
There is no class, nor age, nor race,  
No favored nation, clime or place,  
Nor fertile land unctuous and low,  
Nor cold and thin breeze swept plateau  
That does not need the warning cry:  
Arouse, beware, resist or die.

## THE SPECTRAL GUARD

I heard of raki sh argosies  
That robbed the Spanish main,  
Then sank in war or hurricane  
Never to rise again.

I heard of these until I dreamed  
Of countless bags of gold  
That useless lie down in the deep,  
In many a vessel's hold.

What mighty things would I achieve  
Should I these treasures raise;  
What institutions would I build  
To speak for aye my praise!

I dreamed I had a magic boat  
To pierce the hidden wave,  
And standing at the helm there was  
A pilot wise and brave.

Away we launch, and soon we saw,  
'Mid southern oceans fair,  
Sweet mermaids with their combs of pearl  
Smile as they combed their hair.

And silently they beckoned us  
Our journey to refrain,  
But smiles and wiles and dangers dark  
Alike on use were vain.

Still on and on we plunge far down  
Where night and silence be;  
Our lamps betrayed the dead that hide  
In trenches of the sea.

No living forms we saw, for all  
Was cold; the very waves  
All motionless and black as night  
Were resting in their grâces.

Huge monsters and primeval men  
Their ancient forms display,  
For countless years they are untouched  
By process of decay.

In stout Phœnician armor some,  
And others clad in fur,  
In the rude boats in which they sank  
Their atless weapons were.

We saw the ancient galleons,  
Of structure strange, antique,  
Four decked and bulwarked like a fort  
And castled at the beak.

Within were men in armor clad,  
Their clammy fingers hold  
Old guns, machetes, rusty swords,  
And some clutch bags of gold.

When forth my hand I thrust to take  
These treasures of the dead,  
A spectral form stood up in arms,  
Let these alone, he said.

This wealth of ocean's darksome vault  
Has done enough of wrong;  
Now let it plate the dreamer's dream  
Or gild his airy song.

Leave gold, leave arms, and dead men too;  
They're harmless here with me;  
The world has now enough of each,  
Nor needs to rob the sea.

I was a pirate once, and now  
I'm doomed forever more  
Mid rayless channels of the deep  
To guard this sunken store.

Farewell! no more ye need to know;  
Ye further seek in vain,  
Nor dream nor magic art shall drag  
These treasures from the main.



Adieu! accursed soul, I cried,  
Your task befits your doom;  
Then swift our course we steer away  
From gold's accursed tomb.

I cannot now believe, as some  
Philosophers declare,  
That things dissolve in ocean's wave  
As snow in summer air.

I cannot now believe that all  
Was fancy's idle scheme,  
Nor that the Specter's words were false,  
Deceiving as a dream.

## THE DERELICT

They christened her a dulcet name  
With fragrant wine,  
And launched her with a glad acclaim  
Upon the brine;  
A handsome craft, sea worthy too,  
Swift winged, from sea to sea she flew,  
The pride of all her jolly crew.

In that impassioned, tropic clime  
Where storms arise,  
Brewed in one awful moment's time  
From cloudless skies  
Her crew all went to sleep, and lo!  
The storm shook them awake, and now  
Their unmanned ship drifts to and fro;

The sport of every tide and gale,  
Dark and alone,  
The dread of all who seaward sail  
The pride of none;  
I pause; O, would you care to be,  
A drifting, dreadful entity?  
A derelict upon life's sea?

## GOD'S WORKS AND MAN'S COMPARED

### I

\*Yon capitol that lifts on high  
 Its dome to mingle with the sky;  
 A work that fills the raptured gaze  
 With tears; the tears that homage pays  
 To genius: yet what is all compared  
 To Heaven's dome that God hath reared;  
 By day lit with the sun, by night  
 Aflame with glorious stars of light?

### II

†Yon marble shaft that lonely stands,  
 The loftiest work of human hands,  
 His fair name to commemorate  
 Whose life was great to make men great,  
 A name like that shaft high and white,  
 And yet how mean this shaft in height  
 With peaks and cliffs that mock all time  
 And storm, God's masonry sublime!

### III

‡Afar behold those roofs that shine  
 Above thought's Pantheon, arts' shrine,

To lure the mind and fix the gaze,  
The masterpiece of modern days,  
And yet how plain compared with all  
This frame the universe we call,  
Where this bright world is but a mote  
Of dust in God's own house afloat.

## IV

Yet all these works do praise the man  
Who builds aloft the best he can;  
Dome, shaft and fane of lore and art  
Applaud man's mind and hand and heart  
Aspiring high above the clod  
And building as a son of God,  
And Heaven on achievement smiled,  
The Father owns the worthy child.

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\* National Capitol.  
† National Library.

† Washington Monument.

## MY MUSE

The world of wealth and honor came  
To lure me from my muse,  
And talked of pride and place and fame  
With arguments profuse,  
But to the world I made reply :  
Let others take these toys  
Whose hearts desire them more than I.

The church did offer vestments fair  
And jeweled sickle bright  
That I might reap a harvest rare  
When fields were waving white ;  
But I replied—'There's hundreds would  
Delighted reap these fields  
And I am willing that they should.

Nor wealth, nor ease nor halls of pride  
Shall lure me from my muse ;  
Far from this mortal strife I'll bide  
Retirement to choose,  
E'n like that bird that only sings  
Mid leafy boughs unseen  
I'll strike my harps concordant strings.

Nor would I here escape all care;  
I'd help mankind the more,  
I would with greater skill prepare  
    For men a better store;  
Nor hope to find reward a present bliss,  
    For I must patient wait  
For other times and scenes than this.

## THE COLLIER AND THE SAILOR.

See Stoops, the toiler under ground  
Where smoke and dangers dense abound;  
His lamp's small ray about him cast  
Gives light enough to dig and blast;  
Within his workshop small and grim  
The day and night are one to him,  
Mid summer heat or winter's snows  
One even clime his dark realm knows.

Yet Stoops, is quite content, nor would  
Exchange his work shop if he could.  
With coal black face he walks the streets  
Gay as the ogling crowd he meets,  
For he by honest toil is made  
A comrade in a useful trade.

Full many homes he lights and warms  
And nerves with fire the nation's arms  
He, freeing earth's long pent up fires,  
The arteries of trade inspires.  
The chemic ray with fervent glow  
That shown a million years ago  
Thrown from the youthful, ardent sun  
Is crystalized in carbon dun  
And now by Stoop's brave skill set free

Flames forth in blessed ministry,  
Obscure his lamp deep in the mine  
But far away its light doth shine.

But how unlike in every part  
The sailor's realm, the sailors art;  
A lamp is not enough for him  
But sun and moon and stars of glim;  
No air conveyed by fan and shaft  
But gales of every clime are quaffed;  
And bright and active is his realm  
As is the sea foam round his helm.

Free as a bird that sails the skies  
From clime to clime the sailor flies,  
He feels the iceberg's chilly breeze  
Then spreads white wings for sunny seas;  
Yet is Jack Tar a better man  
Than Stoops with pick and powder can?  
Is Jack a finer man in port?  
Is he more glad in toil or sport?

Alas! poor Jack inferior is  
To many fortunes that are his,  
While he that toils within the mine  
Where light and hope but feebly shine,  
By force of will or good intent  
Improves his dark environment;  
Not fortunes sun can make a man  
Nor darkness hide a noble plan.



## MANILA AND SANTIAGO

If in these days the bard aspire  
To sing the dread leviathan of war  
With hide of steel and breath of fire  
And enginry to hurl afar  
The thunderbolt and earthquake dire  
To whelm a nation in an hour  
And sweep from seas near and remote  
The curse of old Castilian power,  
Well might the bard attune his note  
To deeds sublime where valor led  
To vic'try on Manila bay,  
Or where brave Sampson's chosen men  
By Santiago's lofty shore  
Repeat Manila's marvelous day;  
But pause—There is no mortal pen  
Could tell a tale so like the lore  
Of wars celestial, fierce and fell  
When angered Heaven cast out hell.

As if the rage of men who saw  
Down trampled right and outraged law;  
Rien zi's soul that seeming failed  
And that of Lopez, Placido,  
Toussaint, the brothers Maceo;

Those who in the *Virginus* sailed  
And hosts with graves and names scarce known  
From Yara's primal martyr down;  
These all had fiercely blent in one  
As atoms kindred atoms own  
And made a cloud that first was small  
Then whirling formed a mad cyclone  
That on Montejo's fleet did fall  
To instant rend and wreck and blast  
And make the nations stand aghast;  
—Then suddenly the storm in air  
Did lift and to the eastward sped  
Some thousand leagues and fell just where  
'Twas fit that retribution red  
Avenge the sons of liberty  
Who on this self-same shore had bled  
By Santiago's tropic sea \*  
Where furious vengeance pours the rain  
Of thund'ring iron o'er the main;  
Cervera's fleet in ruin lies  
A nation lives, oppression dies.

\*Cervera's fleet was destroyed in sight of the spot where had been murdered the patriotic crew of the *Virginus*.

## GRUMBLERS

I once did dream that grumblers all  
Were banished to a storm swept isle,  
Where they could hear the constant call  
Of birds complaining all the while  
And winds and waves that roar  
And shriek and wail forever more.

There were no heroes there to blame,  
No virtues there to move a sneer,  
No good to call some other name,  
No beauty chaste on which to leer,  
No music to disdain,  
No joyousness to give them pain.

And they did ever meet and pass  
And scowl upon no genial face  
But saw themselves as in a glass,  
And felt such loathing of their race  
They vainly sought to fly  
And for relief they chose to die.

In hearing of the ceaseless surge  
They stay in their unquiet graves;  
The birds complain their fitting dirge  
Responsive to the winds and waves;  
'Tis just—So let them pass,  
I woke. It was a dream, alas!

## GLOBE TROTTERS

They wander round and round the world  
In vain pursuit,  
Nor gather like the bee the nectar of  
True wisdom's fruit.

Slabtown, a wood, a desert bare  
Are wise men's schools,  
But all the realm's from Ind to Albion  
Are blank to fools—

For what is art or landscape wide,  
Or thoughts in ink  
To eyes that roll too swift to see and minds  
Too slow to think.

Oh wretched clan that ever flies  
In rasping pace,  
To sadden all save common carriers  
And Boniface.

If you these well dressed vagabonds  
Should chance to meet,  
You'll vow as you have never vowed before  
That home is sweet.

## A RECIPE

Of books with startling incident and plot  
We have a boundless feast,  
And still man's mighty hunger ceases not  
But only is increased.

This greed is an old, old disease; its cure  
Would kill the patient dead  
And like some chronic parasite impure  
The ailment must be fed.

So take a ghost, a wrong, a mystery,  
A lust's unlawful flame,  
A pessimistic view of things that be,  
A town with pleasing name,

A girl, a lover by a rival vexed,  
An insult and a blow,  
A challenge and the click of steel, and next—  
Suspense a day or two,

An earthquake dire, a pest, a thunder storm,  
An ancient wooden chest,  
The sea, the mountains dark, a hidden form  
In midnight darkness dressed,

A freak, a fool, or a religious whim  
(These always can be had,)  
A smart disguise or a disaster grim,  
A light and social "fad,"

A struggle long in even balance, but  
A perilous escape;  
Eccentric characters in hall or hut,  
The rich or proud in crepe.

Place these and more within a box and when  
You draw one from the lot  
A chapter write on every one and then  
Unite all with a plot.

But Fancy's touch of life all things must blend  
And give a beating heart,  
And over this unreal realm extend  
The magic of her art.

For man is like a child and he doth need  
The world that only seems;  
For many a life is hard and blank indeed  
And finds relief in dreams.

One story done repeat the deal and tell  
Another startling tale;  
Such themes and combinations blended well . .  
Are never known to fail.

## DISCONTENT.

High on the shore one morn I stood  
And looked across the sea ;  
Glad danced the wide and silver tide,  
While voices called to me :

Come out, come out, upon the wave  
Where grand and fair are blent ;  
The seaman's life is noble strife  
His toil benefic ent.

At eve I walked the quarter deck  
And saw the beauteous strand ;  
A palace fair, each dwelling there,  
The hills were fairyland.

A voice then spoke just as before :  
Fly from the cruel sea ;  
The tyrant wave will you enslave,  
The land is only free.

Such is the life of restless man ;  
Some other sphere is best,  
Not now nor here, but in some sphere  
Remote must he be blest.

## SHE TOLD ME HER LOVE.

She told me her love with her eyes,  
For speech is seeming;  
She told me her love with her sighs,  
While words were dreaming.

Frail is the Saxon or the Greek,  
And French is weaker;  
When my dear lady's eye and cheek  
Become the speaker.



## CRITO

When Crito had long known the strife  
That comes along with public life  
He gladly said: While I admit  
That storm and struggle well befit  
All those who on the wide seas sail  
And find their fortune a gale;  
As for myself, I've had enough  
Of sailing dangerous and rough;  
I'll leave tempestuous affairs  
And put in port for some repairs.

Then a snug harbor Crito chose,  
A thousand acres, more or less;  
With iron walls did then enclose,  
His fine suburban wilderness.

A swinging cot beneath a pine  
Served as a resting place and shrine  
Where he would read both books and news  
And talk with friends or silent muse.

Sometimes to Heaven his prayers would rise  
By way of mental exercise  
And if there came some other good,  
Crito was willing that there should.

Oft in his garden Crito found

While walking barefoot on the ground  
Sweet rest and life renewing force  
Since earth is life's electric source  
And must be touched with the bare feet  
To make the circuit all complete.

His mansion built of logs of wood  
South of a sheltring forest stood,  
From north winds guarded by the trees,  
But welcoming the southern breeze.

Six rooms there were all in a line,  
A porch in front of each where twine  
The clematis and eglentine,  
But dearer far than flowers could be  
Were Crito's wife and children three.

Now Crito with a skill his own  
Restored Queen Nature to her throne;  
Abroad unhounded roamed the deer,  
Wild fowl and song bird nested near;  
The reedy pond with flashing wing  
They strike or in the grove they sing;  
Wild oxen from the western plains  
Adorned his unsubdued domains;

But these he kept so oft in view  
They'd lick his outstretched hand,  
But strangers they would swift pursue  
Across the fleeing land;  
Their bending horns, mighty and white,  
Were signal quite enough for flight.

His family with joy had seen  
How Crito grew fat and serene,  
And so there came content  
To banish banishment.

Some of his early friends now said;  
Poor Crito, once so live is dead  
And buried far within a wood  
Or ghostlike haunts the solitude.

Others declared it their belief  
That stung by some unholy grief  
Or guilt he'd sought man's gaze to shun  
And so he chose to be alone.

So 'twas agreed that two  
His bravest friends should go,  
Henri and gallant Florian  
And find the melancholy man.

'Twas dewy morn in early May  
They hastened out, yet with delay  
In getting through the lines  
That marked his kingdom's sharp confines,  
Where twelve barbed wires before them spread  
A horrid wall bristling and dread.

How this was scaled their flight well shows  
In bleeding hands and shredded clothes.  
Just as they reach the meadow side,  
An angry ox amazed they spied.

With horns advanced and pawing feet  
He challenged them in war to meet ;  
At once the challenge they declined  
And sped them through the sheltring wood  
With flying feet and angry mind,  
Till by Dan Crito's door they stood.

## CRITO.

Welcome! Good Friends, welcome! he said,  
Yours are my wilderness and shed.  
You are my friends, yes friends indeed,  
Dangers and toils you do not heed ;  
A wilderness you dare explore  
That you may reach my rustic door ;  
But what has torn your clothes? Was it  
The antlered fool that in a fit  
Of humor oft his horns extends  
To try the friendship of my friends?  
Perchance my herd that still retains  
The spirit of the western plains  
Has dared you meet in mortal strife  
To break the monotone of life?

## HENRI.

Not so. It was your savage fence  
That like your humor and your sense  
Is barbed, impales or rends,  
To wound or kill your friends

Who dare explore these bogs and woods  
Where prowl your kindred multitudes.

CRITO.

I'm glad an angry wind  
Has stirred your foggy mind.  
Soon will the dark mists clear away  
And you will see the truth of day.  
I've marked your dangerous career  
In city marts as well as here ;  
What hazards you have made  
Upon the sea of trade,  
Where pirates plundered you,  
Yourself a pirate too,  
And yet no doubt some ships sailed home  
And profits vast to you have come,  
And still you own a spirit rife  
For enterprises new, and strife.  
The dangers you have this day dared  
Are only chaff with those compared.  
'Tis here you stand on real ground.  
'Tis friends, not flatterers you've found ;  
No bonfires blaze at your defeat,  
'Tis welcome and not jeers you meet.

O'er bristling walls you bravely go,  
With skill you shun the antlered foe,  
To nothing does your valor yield :  
You are the masters of the field.

HENRI.

Upon the sea of trade

You once yourself was known,

Its Saragosa calms,

Its tempest and simoon

You dared, and fortune was your gain,

You pirate of the Spanish main.

Whence came you by these forests here,  
These lakes of fowl, these parks of deer?

Not flatterers, but friends, come we  
Our Crito's face once more to see.

CRITO.

Your coarse, hard frankness paves the way  
For harder words that I may say.

You see yon murky wreath of smoke  
That tarnishes the air

Above your city's fuming realm

Of virtue, vice and care?

Just so will calumny arise

'Gainst men who live in loftier skies,

But smoke oft joins the clouds and forms

A wreath that breaks in fiercest storms,

And some are struck by bolts of fire

And some in whirling winds expire

But most a vantage gain

From storm-purged air and rain.

Your smudgy calumnies

Return upon your head in wrath  
And bolts will smite you sure,  
Somewhere along the storm's wild path.  
My roof is broad, but is not broad  
Enough to shield a sland'rous word,  
These wilds a refuge be, but not  
For evil man or beast or bird.

Here Crito faithfully explained  
How those who most by him had gained  
Had most maligned and robbed him too.  
This was his story told in few,  
Nor need I now to tell it you.  
And then he said: 'Tis noon;  
To yonder shade let us repair  
The simple midday meal  
Beside the bubbling spring to share.  
Now their discussion lighter grew  
To give each dish a flavor new.  
With merry talk and many a jest  
They slowly eat with healthful zest;  
While Edith fair of form and face,  
Presided with a queenly grace.

CRITO.

You see yon bird with ebon wings  
And yellow form, that as it sings  
In swift and undulating flight,  
Seems like a golden shaft of light?

Who'll tell me why that bird displays  
Such gorgeous hues in summer days,  
While in dark winter's sombre reign  
His dress is quite severe and plain?

FLORIAN.

The answer to your query I  
Somehow, somewhere have heard;  
Doubt me and I to you reply;  
'Twas told me by a bird.

A brave young man did once receive  
A vest all barred with gold;  
A gift bestowed where more was owed  
For courage true and bold.

The robe was bright with many pearls  
And diamonds here and there,  
And every fold showed threads of gold  
Inwrought with skill and care.

But never would he wear his vest,  
But kept it cautious hid:  
Why' none could guess, perchance unless,  
His modesty forbid.

Soon envy said he never wore  
His gift a single day,  
For he one morn its gems had shorn  
And bartered them away,



And if he would but show his coat  
They'd find it all disgraced,  
With pearls of glass, and gems, alas!  
All made of worthless paste.

He silent heard these envious tales  
With deeply-aching pain,  
And wondered why base men should lie  
When none could gather gain.

So from its ward he took the coat,  
The painful gift to view :  
No gems bright shown, for they were gone  
And now the tale seemed true.

And so distressed was he, he swore  
Swift vengeance in his mind  
And cautiously employed a spy,  
The diamond thief to find.

Few days escaped when both the rogue  
And diamonds too, were found,  
And then the thief, in bitter grief,  
Was in a prison bound.

This was the clue in this bad case,  
(As rogues should careful note)  
Thief was the man who first began  
To lie about the coat.

And many told the villain's tale,  
As if in half belief,  
And thus became, though not in name,  
The partners of the thief.

Now Edwin to the market went  
With baskets large and fine,  
And these filled he full as could be  
With tongues and ears of swine.

With these he made a pudding large  
That weighed the table down,  
Then his behests brought in his guests  
From country and from town.

The dish was seasoned strong and well  
With gall and bitter rue,  
So when each guest would take a taste  
His look was bitter too.

Now all were silent and amazed  
As much as guests dare be;  
First Edwin spake, silence to break  
And cold and calm spake he:

Just now you claimed to be my friends;  
Your friendship is a cheat;  
Your willing ear false tales would hear,  
Which you in turn repeat.

Behold how bitter is the dish this day  
Your tongues have tasted well ;  
More bitter still the tongue that will  
An envious story tell.

Then they confused with shame retire  
While each one trembling hears  
Each whisper speak, and wild winds eke  
Of bitter tongues and ears.

Then Edwin took his cause of pain  
Unto the market square,  
And when the throng that passed along  
Had gathered round him there ;

He sternly cried : No foe of mine  
Is worthy of this gown,  
Nor would I see a friend to me  
Wear sorrows like my own.

While hunting once some thieves laid wait  
To rob and leave me dead :  
I paused to hear a song bird near  
Meanwhile the thieves had fled.

False friends did plot against my life  
And 'gainst the name I bear ;  
A finch did save me from the grave,  
The finch this vest shall wear.

In summer's gay and joyous time  
This hue will suit him well :  
My cause of pain shall be his gain  
And of my rescue tell.

Then Edwin held aloft the vest ;  
In air it melts away ;  
And since that hour in summer bower  
The finch dons vestments gay.

CRITO.

Your legend of the finch has quite  
Brought all my story to the light.  
The men who profited by me  
Are they that sought my injury.  
When envy lodges in the heart  
Then grace and gratitude depart.  
They saw my fortune swift advance  
Where they had lost the golden chance  
And then they darkly whispered round  
(For words like poisoned arrows wound,)   
That I by fraud had made my gains  
And that my name was dark with stains.  
All this they said without excuse  
Or hope of profit, trust or use.

Come daughter Edith, sing a song  
Of that brown bird whose trill  
Delights the noon day hours long  
When all beside are still.

Then Edith steps behind a screen  
And like the thrush, she sings unseen.

When calls the early light

Bold robin first replies,

Yet cautiously and low sings he

And various notes he tries.

(Here Edith whistles the notes of the robin.)

The wood thrush now grows bold

And trills his early song;

There's none to me more dear than he

In all the tuneful throng.

(Here Edith mimics the cadence of the wood thrush.)

When noon drives all to shade

One only song is heard;

With throbbing hush, you'll hear the  
thrush

But cannot see the bird.

(Whistles again.)

At morn, at noon, at night

He sings still out of view;

The reason why he is so shy

I never, never knew.

(Whistles again the notes of the wood thrush.)

The guests retire: their course they bend  
Where woods are deep and streamlets wend  
And soon the mighty city's roar  
Grates deeper, harsher than before:  
Again they feel the throbbing heart

Of jarring street and busy mart.  
Above the crash by commerce made,  
Above the mighty hum of trade,  
Did Florian hear the wood thrush sing,  
For contrasts in the soul will spring  
Where love is. Inarticulate  
Sounds, and nerve-racking discords grate  
In vain. He heard that music still  
As Edith hid from view would trill  
Each pleasing note until they fill  
The vacant chambers of his soul  
With love's all conquering control.

And Florian brave to Edith seems  
The bright fulfillment of her dreams.  
And more than all her lovers he

Most manly seemed and nobly bold  
(And many lovers gay had she,)

For in the story of the finch he told  
His knowledge of the plan to lame  
Her father's family and fame.

'Tis here the story ends. The rest  
I leave by readers to be guessed.

For Love is greater than the great,  
Than name, position, or estate,  
Than death, than pride or pedigree,  
And so what'er the drama be,  
What'er the acts along the way,  
Let love, great love conclude the play.

## VIA SACRA

In many types the truth portrays  
Man's fallen state and erring ways.  
'Tis said that man is lost and blind,  
Of stony heart and fleshly mind,  
A captive bound in chains and sold,  
A wand'ring sheep far from the fold,  
A prodigal with swine to feed,  
A leper all unclean; a reed  
Bowed by the gale, a summer leaf,  
A blade of grass as frail as brief,  
A man diseased, sick and impure  
Whom Heaven and Heaven alone can cure.

But can this picture all be true,  
And does it not debase man's view?  
The answer must dependent be  
Upon your sense of poetry,  
'Tis plain the sacred bards designed  
To paint man's lost and ruined mind;  
And then a restoration great,  
From lowest depths to highest state,  
To please poetic fancy true  
In such a wide contrasting view,  
As when the joyous spring  
Succeeds a cold and wintry death,  
The dumb begin to sing,  
Where nature breathes life giving breath.

E'n such the sacred song shall be,  
The lost is found, the blind now see,  
Gates are unbarred, the prisoners free;  
The captive breaks like thread his chain,  
The prodigal returns again;  
Angelic hosts with holy mirth,  
Responsive sing to choirs on earth;  
They sing of rescue from the shame,  
Of ruined life and ruined name.

Not so the view to us unfurled  
By all the gloomy heathen world  
Where the dark scene that's pictured there  
Is darker still with man's despair.  
Sad is the song of Earth's dark host  
When faith is dead and hope is lost,  
There's one, Mantua's poet sage,  
Sings not the sadness of his age,  
But standing on the mountain peaks  
Where inspiration soulful speaks,  
Where prophecy is in the air,  
He breathes the spirit that is there;  
Sings with the seer of sacred line  
The song of hope, the song divine,  
Where peace shall reign triumphant o'er  
A world where men learn war no more.  
Where swords and shields and hurtling spears  
Are beaten into plows and shears,  
And thorns and briars sterile reign  
Gives place to pines and fields of grain.



Two pictures then address your eye,  
One from below, one from on high;  
One is disease by gauze concealed,  
The more to knowing eyes revealed;  
The other is disease laid bare,  
But in the Great Physician's care.  
One of a vessel tempest tossed,  
On breakers fierce, where all are lost;  
Another makes a wreck appear  
But with a life-boat hov'ring near;  
Choose you the scene darksome, forlorn,  
Or that of hope and life and morn.  
Choose you yespair, sin, shame, distress,  
Or choose you life, hope, holiness.

Thus have I writ: here will I pause;  
Nor once explore that desert land  
Where controversy's blasts overwhelm  
With words like drifting sand,  
And only barren forms you see,  
The realm of venom'd bigotry:  
An Arizona's drear plateau  
Where sun beams scorch and sand storms blow  
And naught doth meet the weary eye  
Save cactus sharp where serpents lie;  
I leave this realm to those who choose  
The desolate, the parched, the chill,  
And guided by a kindlier muse,  
I ask: What is the Heavenly will?  
'Tis this, and 'tis above all strife,  
*Religion is a mode of life,*

A life begun in faith, hope, love,  
And leading on to Heaven above;  
Superior to all distress,  
Through God grown strong in feebleness;  
Content, active, alert and pure  
In palace great or hut obscure;  
A life with some alloy of hate  
Nor all negation nor debate,  
Abhorring evil yet the more  
To seek the good, the good adore.  
Alas! what feuds, what deadly strife,  
O'er forms, but not o'er modes of life;  
Crude forms that guide the childish mind  
Which man, full grown, should leave behind;  
Child gardens for the children all  
To men ridiculously small.

What realms have felt the crushing tread  
Of bigots armed! Behold the dead  
Unburied lie! The once gay street  
Is still or throbs with hostile feet.  
The night once vocal with high glee,  
Now echoes to the minstrelsy  
Of wolves and dogs—Both hut and hall  
And field and garden, ruined all,  
Are waste and tenantless save that  
The owl the viper and the bat  
Contented reign as they survey  
A wilderness of foul decay.

Mad alienations still divide  
The Christian world, to crush or hide  
Or weaken all; man's forces rent  
By blind ambition's mad intent.  
Still the dogmatic fool declares;  
O! if the world would say my prayers  
And creed and wear my cut off dress  
'Twould bring the world all happiness.  
'Tis false! Your forms and words profuse  
Are but a cloak for vice to use;  
Yea, more; a pestilential fen  
Whence come the deadliest foes of men.  
Strive not for forms or name or clan  
But let your only strife be this:  
Who, who shall be the better man  
And who possess the nobler bliss.  
Be not content to drain your heart  
Of wrong, but fill its every part  
With beauteous things, the good and true,  
While hands find worthy deeds to do.  
'Tis not enough the marsh to drain  
But plant its fertile soil with grain.  
In old Selene's swamp by day  
A horrid dragon hidden lay;  
At night he viewless came and still  
To frighten all, many to kill.  
But fortunate there came a Knight  
Who seized and dragged him to the light,  
Bridled the monster with a thong  
And led him through the streets along  
And in the sight of all he slew

The fiend. But what next did he do?  
Would a brave Knight contented be  
A pestilential fen to see  
Where other monsters like the first ..  
Would rise again with deeds as curst?  
Not so. The reeking swamp he drained,  
Made gardens fair, where shades detained  
The guest, while flowers and fruitage there  
Regaled with taste or fragrance rare.  
Such be thy life. The bad expel  
By planting good and doing well  
Then thou wilt have no empty soul  
Where evil soon would gain control;  
No rich neglected soil where spring  
Rank weeds and every noxious thing.  
In your own life let men behold  
A beauteous garden's fruits of gold;  
All things that please the taste and eye  
The world to bless and beautify.

## TO MAE

Yes, I was angry when  
    Those words I wrote;  
With an impetuous hand  
    I scrawled a note;  
Alas! that lurid rage  
Should stain the blameless page.

And every hurried word  
    Writ in the light  
Of anger's smoking torch  
    I'd blot from sight  
If tears could wash away  
Mistakes of yesterday.

Since tears have washed my eyes  
    I clearly see,  
For now you seem indeed  
    More dear to me,  
And if I've wronged you sore  
I prize you only more.

A hard and bitter strife  
    I've battled through life:  
I must o'erlook some wrong,  
    And so must you;

We are in practice sure  
To pardon or endure.

O! let us welcome back  
    The rosy hours,  
Then will I strew your way  
    With thornless flowers;  
And with you hand in hand  
Make earth a fairy land.

## \* MT. SAN ANTONIO

Thou Monarch old, should misty seas en-  
shroud

Thy breast, thou lookest down on realms of  
cloud

That at thy word a rainy tribute pay:

The hills rejoice, the rivers madly play.

At thy command the clouds withdraw, and lo!

Thou holdest aloft the treasures of the snow,

The sacred source whence fertile rivers flow.

The dwellers in the vale when hot winds burn

To thee as to a god enthroned will turn

As they thy swift and fruitful streams behold

More rich than river sands of yellow gold.

And thou wast born midst wars of primal  
fire

When earth was wrinkled with contortions  
dire,

And mighty strife arose twixt sea and land

To know who should obey and who com-  
mand.

Imprisoned Fire, o'er whom the sea had  
reigned

And held deep down below in bondage  
chained,

---

\* A mountain in Southern California.

Aweary grew and with the hills submerged  
A compact made and bold rebellion urged.

Then Fire said: What valiant hill will lead  
Our forces on? Who'll be the first to heed  
With action bold, the signal for the fray  
That hurls the ocean back and ends his sway?

The signal given, San Antonio  
Rose first and with resounding overthrow  
He shook a world of water from his side  
That round the earth swept with tumultuous  
tide,

Alarming Ocean deep in all his caves  
And brought in line a thousand leagues of  
waves

That with augmenting force turn back to  
throw

Their world of rage 'gainst San Antonio.

The rising mountains stagger at the shock,  
But Fire, alert and fierce, hurls liquid rock  
Along the thundering line of war. Hot spray  
Tremendous screams and toward the moon  
away

Shoots far, bedecked with lightning lurid  
tide,

That wider grew, till passing worlds espied  
And pangs of sympathy o'er cloud the sun  
And many stars. Confounded meteors run  
As quails by crakling smoke confused will fly  
Swift through the flames on burning wing to  
die,



E'n so, dire meteors smite the air around  
And flashing fall with loudest thunder sound.

Still, thou brave San Antonio, didst higher  
Rise, and reinforced by scorching troops of  
fire

Hurlst back mad Ocean to his own domain  
And still dost thou thy victory maintain,  
While Ocean ever and anon recalls  
His old defeat and 'gainst his prison walls  
Beats loud with clamor hoarse, but thou  
meanwhile

Secure on adamantine throne dost smile.

## A RETROSPECT

Ye that with retrospective eye  
Behold our nation's birth,  
Then see how ancient realms were born  
No doubt are moved with mirth

As you have idly listened while  
The mystic minstrels lay  
Did mingle imps and demigods  
With very common clay,

And how the legend they translate  
To upper worlds afar,  
To warble in the Heavenly spheres  
Or twinkle in a star.

But those who built the western world  
And her foundations laid  
Wrought not with demigods, but God,  
And with Almighty aid.

'Twas no inferior deities  
Divide their toils or fame;  
Not twinkling stars, but suns and worlds  
Their deeds and worth proclaim.

But some, alas! were sordid men,  
With greed insanely blind  
And taxed the powers of Heaven to thwart  
The madness of their mind.

## DE SOTO

Here would I sing his fate who first  
Beheld that stream whose flow  
Blends far Itaska with the sea  
Of genial Mexico.

Hard through the forest and the brake,  
The fen and the morass,  
'Mid savage arrows and the brand  
De Soto's legions pass.

And now they near a river's bank,  
A lame and battered few  
And halt a while in wild amaze  
The mighty stream to view.

A tide so vast, so swift and deep  
Must drain a continent;  
Waked fancy now takes wings and flies  
Afar in wonderment.

'Twere hard to tell what thought and hope  
The Spaniard then possessed;  
Song's theme does not accord with his  
Cold, mercenary breast.

Verse does not choose to sing the love  
Of conquest or of gold;  
Those dark incitements that did make  
The Spaniard madly bold.

A later day and near this spot  
De Soto, broken, died;  
His coffin was a hollow tree,  
His grave the river's tide.

That this stream be his monument,  
His race and deeds befit;  
Here be his murky grave, and here  
His epitaph he writ.  
Deceptive, cold, remorseless stream!  
So like the Spaniard dread,  
Engulfing all and giving back  
Naught but the drifting dead.

But hard men yet, through Heaven's hand,  
May further human weal;  
E'n as that river's dangerous tide  
Transports the prosp'rous keel.

#### THE FRENCHMAN

Unlike the Spaniard was the Gaul  
Who from the northern lake,  
O'er sedgy stream or prairie wide  
His way will singly take:

Eats venison or beaver fat  
With Winnebago chief,  
And with the tawny multitude  
He smokes the fragrant leaf.

The Calumet and not the sword  
Subdue the savage mood,  
Canoes, and not the armored fleet,  
Convoy him o'er the flood.

Enraptured with strange lands and tribes  
And hopes of stranger still,  
Men and the elements became  
The servants of his will.

Inspiring all was love of fame  
That gives her child a charm  
Superior to wind and wave,  
Or dread miasma's harm.

Fame of his own he would unite  
With glory of fair France;  
O'er all these realms and tribes he saw  
Her tranquil star advance.

And ere my muse resign this theme  
And sing another lay,  
She would to dauntless de la Salle  
An humble tribute pay.

## LA SALLE

Across the ocean's wide and rough domain  
Let Fancy oftimes go and come again,  
Pursuing all the while a silent man  
Who like the gods conceals each mighty plan;  
And if what time you touch the western shore  
You follow him a thousand leagues or more,  
(For only Fancy could attend a course  
So long sustained 'gainst man's and nature's  
force).

This is La Salle, accursed of men and fate,  
But by the world is canonized of late.

Mark how he walks through icy waters  
dread,

His scant munitions held above his head;  
O'er inland seas tempestuous to glide  
Now with and now against the river's tide,  
As on he braves from north to southern plains  
By torrid heat consumed or drenching rains,  
Where plague and famine gaunt attend his  
way

And treacherous men more cruel still than  
they.

Forsaken oft by men, since all save he  
Were unsustained by dreams of things to be,  
He saw a nation from the desert rise  
More vast than aught had been beneath the  
skies.

Or if to Albion or France or Spain  
Or to Columbia's new and fair domain

He could not tell, but like a raptured seer  
He saw a realm magnificent appear,  
And sought for France and Louis' fading  
crown

This gem of untold brilliance and renown.

Too great and too far reaching his designs  
To lie within the grasp of common minds,  
And so he moved austere and occupied  
And lived alone; alone he fell and died;  
And if through life black harpies him pursue,  
His corse unburied was the vulture's due.

But what is monument or sepulture  
If but the fame of his designs endure?  
Defeated by the perfidy of man  
The world concedes the greatness of his plan  
And reverences de la Salle the same  
As if his dreamed of empire bore his name.

#### THE SAXON

Five mighty nations blend to form  
The fabric of the West,  
But the imperial Saxon leads  
And fashions all the rest.

And every tribe and every tongue diverse  
Whom our wide shores protect  
Soon learn the Saxon's honest speech,  
The freeman's dialect.

And freedom's notes from every land  
Here blend in unison,  
As many dreams and hopes unite  
In one name—Washington.

O! Saxon! thou hast struck a song  
From rocks of history,  
And writ an epic on the world  
Surpassing poesy.

Thy works, inventions, freedom, arts,  
And globe-encircling store  
Surpass the golden prophecies  
Of Plato and of More.

And consummation outruns hope,  
Mankind has won the race  
Since the new Saxon of the West  
Sprang forth and set the pace.



## THE STORY OF THE OAK

As through an ancient wood I passed,  
Upon a summer day,  
I heard the trees sing in the breeze,  
I saw them toss and sway.

A rugged oak was standing near,  
The largest of them all,  
There was no tree so large as he,  
Though some were quite as tall.

And he had lived full many years  
And many sights had seen  
While looking down on winter's brown,  
Or summer's joyous green.

How old are you, old Oak? I said;  
Tell me your history!  
And right away, without delay,  
He whispered down to me:

I am three hundred years of age,  
As near as I can tell,  
And I can state that I of late  
Am feeling very well.

All through so many winters cold  
In slumber am I bound,  
The winter quite seems short and light  
Because I sleep so sound.

The touch of spring wakes me from sleep  
And I begin to grow  
Both stout and tall nor rest at all  
Till autumn's breezes blow.

Two hundred years ago I had  
A pain within my chest;  
And I must say for many a day  
My health was none the best.

And this is how it came about:  
Some tribes of wild red men  
Were fighting near, with club and spear—  
I was a sapling then.

And while they dodged and sulked around  
There was an Indian lad  
Through war's alarms hid in my arms;  
To shield him I was glad.

And while he nestled like a bird  
There was a shaft went wild,  
The poison dart struck near my heart  
And so I saved the child.

And every May about this time  
Sharp pains would me annoy;  
I did not care such pain to bear,  
For I had saved the boy.

Long time I suffered much because  
The wound was slow to heal,  
But when each year the lad came near  
Less pain I seemed to feel.

For every spring time he would come,  
When sings the forest lark,  
And silent stand with folded hand  
And lean against my bark.

I saw that Indian lad grow up  
To be a rugged man;  
And brave was he as man could be  
Of any race or clan.

One summer day he brought his squaw  
And her pappose so red,  
Then standing nigh and pointing high,  
With solemn voice he said:

“Here did we kill those dogs—the Sioux—  
Upon that battle day;  
There is the tree that sheltered me;  
This is enough to say.”

Thus every spring sure as the sun  
That chieftain kind and bold  
Would visit me, his friendly tree,  
Till he was growing old.

Then years passed by and I no more  
Saw that brave Indian's face,  
For white men came with sword and flame  
And drove away his race.

Full record of his words and deeds  
I never could supply,  
But this I name, that here he came  
To chant his dirge and die.

Far through the white man's realm he came,  
His mission all unknown;  
For none but I could tell you why  
He came so far alone.

At last I saw him coming near  
With slow and feeble tread,  
And with a groan and trembling moan  
These are the words he said:

"I've come to see my friend and die,  
My visits now are o'er;  
My race is run, my setting sun  
Will rise again no more.

I cannot speak in counsel now,  
Nor kill the coward foe,  
Nor hurl the spear nor snare the deer,  
Nor hunt the buffalo.

I am a dead and fallen tree—  
And then he bowed his head:  
There was a pause; I saw the cause—  
The warrior chief was dead.

Then white men came with solemn air  
And carried him away.  
So ends the chief, it brings me grief,  
I'll speak no more today.

Thus did the Oak his story tell,  
Just as I now tell you,  
It made me sad, it made me glad!  
I wonder if it's true?

## TO A DEFEATED CANDIDATE

Some full-rigged vessels sail  
Like bubbles, light and free;  
Like bubbles, too, they burst  
And melt into the sea.  
Awhile they dance along the main  
And ports of wealth and ease they gain,  
And then cajoled by fortune they  
Sport fortune's golden chance away.  
Such ships have wings and nothing more,  
E'n like the gulls along the shore,  
Yet many rustics of the land  
And lubbers of the street  
Will shout aloud: behold the grand,  
The noblest of the fleet!  
There goes the ship for me. Her name  
Shall shine upon the scroll of Fame;  
And then they climb the lofty shore  
To cheer her on and see her more,  
While gentle hands salute the brave,  
The pride and master of the wave.  
Alas! Deceived are they so to  
Salute a false and empty show  
That will soon melt like April snow.

## II

Now let your fancy's vision mark  
Far on the sea a bounding bark

Where scarce a gull would venture bold,  
    But whistling gale  
    In shroud and sail  
Is heard. The surging sea proclaims  
No welcome to the kindling eye  
    And there is here no land,  
    Nor cliff, nor tower, nor strand  
To lift the shouting crowds on high;  
    But, O! within that vessel's hold  
    Are merchandise and gems and gold:  
Ceylon and Araby, the blest,  
    Luzon, the opulent,  
    Around whose isles are blent  
The farthest east and farthest west,  
These all pay tribute to that sail  
That bends before the favoring gale  
To scatter gear from zone to zone,  
Unheralded, unsung, unknown.  
How like these ships some mortals be!  
    One flaunts much canvas in the air,  
But close along the shore sails he,  
    To watch if gazing crowds be there,  
And listens for the cheer of those  
Whose eyes in pageants find repose,  
Who cheer a full-rigged bark, nor care  
To ask if any worth she bear.  
And there are men who heed  
    No plaudits of the throng,  
But bravely onward speed,  
    Uncheered by lauding song,

On voyage far, severe and lone,  
Mid Arctic ice or torrid zone.  
'Tis he who in the stubborn soil,  
Or mine or shop or school may toil;  
Who gains no public place  
Of famed emolument,  
But in his sphere displays  
Brave manhood and content,  
Who loves his kindred and his cot,  
Though delegations meet him not,  
Nor shouts of multitudes resound,  
Nor plumed cohorts shake the ground,  
And yet he sits upon a throne  
And is the monarch of his own,  
And sees an empire round him grow  
And wider still his power flow,  
As real as the fevered hour  
When realms the brow shall wreath,  
When Senates 'wildered by man's power  
Adjourn that they may breathe,  
As when of old the rights of man  
Were voiced by mighty Sheridan.  
A tablet in God's Hall of Fame  
Hath every man with worthy name.



## TWO BROOKS

## FIRST BROOK

Beside a shaded glen,  
On a plateau,  
There ran a crystal brook  
In peaceful flow,  
Reflecting earth and sky  
So calm and clear;  
And youths more beauteous seemed  
When imaged there,  
As by the brook they came  
And sang its pleasing name.

And as it heard men speak  
Its glowing praise,  
It paused in calm content  
And there it stays,  
And soon its face reflects  
No sky serene,  
For o'er the brook there falls  
A mantle green;  
Thy fate is only worse,  
Once blest, but now a curse.

You once made men laugh, now  
You make men sigh

O'er pestilential swarms  
That from thee fly:  
Insects that hum and sting,  
Miasma's breath,  
Thou insalubrious thing,  
In league with death,  
The eyes you once made bright  
Are lustreless as night.

All round the valley side  
Thou hast a train  
Of fever, plague and pest,  
Anguish and pain;  
I will not sing thy name,  
But turn away:  
I will not see thy face  
In taint's array;  
Another stream I'll praise  
And sing its gladsome ways.

## SECOND BROOK

O! happy stream that hastes  
Unto the sea,  
And like a robin sings  
A song for me,  
Or turns the mill that grinds  
The golden grain,  
Or bathes with liquid life  
The emerald plain;  
No flowers so happy look  
As those beside the brook.

Its royal course now bears  
The brave canoe,  
And now the breathing boat  
She transports too,  
Yet onward moves; no pause  
For praise or rest  
Until it joins the gulf,  
And on its breast  
Bears ships with sails unfurled,  
The commerce of a world.

But is the brook entombed  
Within the sea?  
No so. The sun god's kiss  
Right royally  
Exalts it to the sky  
And o'er my head  
On white winged clouds from south  
The brook has sped—  
The rainbows pearly track  
Tells where the brook came back.

Then on its southern course  
It speeds again,  
From mount and valley to  
The far-off main,  
'Tis glad in making glad  
All it goes by,  
Until the sun god lift  
It to the sky;  
Such be your life and mine  
On earth, or realms divine.

## THE CAVE OF MELANCHOLY

There is a pestilential cave,  
Darksome and chill,  
And here mad Melancholy reigns,  
And he doth fill  
The minds of all his votaries  
With partial truths, the Devil's lies.

He and his dejected train are  
Never jolly;  
The first law of their dominion is  
Melancholy;  
And if a laugh should echo there,  
'Tis the mad laughter of despair.

He lures with solemn arguments  
Bewildered men,  
And leads them far from light of day  
Into his den,  
And many stately shapes has he  
And simulates e'n sanctity.

He holds before the eyes such scenes  
Of midnight hue,  
That all the chambers of the soul  
Are tinct with blue,  
And then with gloom infatuate,  
They love the world of gloom and hate.

Then forth toward his cave he leads  
His slaves away  
And there they sit them down to hear  
The mournful lay  
Of groans and deep suspiring breath,  
And look on scenes of woe and death.

For on the walls are pictures drawn  
In leaden hue,  
Of men aslide down crags to hell,  
And these they view  
With smoking lamps that throw a light  
More grewsome than the blackest night.

And then they move with awful step  
Where scenes are writ  
In desolation wide, profound,  
Such as befit  
A wreck mid Arctic ice and air,  
Where hope dies grappling with despair.

Then to the portraits of disease  
And death they come;  
Eczema, gnawing leprosy;  
Delirium  
Intense with maniacal air,  
A lazar house is pictured there.

The portraits next of those who failed  
In high design

For human weal; Rienzi bold,  
    Toussaint benign,  
And all that host whose failure brought  
High hoping realms to melancholy thought.

And a wide stage is built whereon  
    They act the part  
Of virtue tried, condemned, while vice  
    With subtle art  
Stalks gaily forth with honored name,  
Exulting loud in Virtue's shame.

Then Melancholy high enthroned  
    Doth loud express  
His mind: My friends, you here behold  
    The world's true dress:  
No gloss deceives, no thin veneer,  
The world laid bare is pictured here.

The lying world where you have been  
    Is tricked with paint;  
And vice and falsehood there parade  
    In mask of saint:  
Its light is phosphor or decay;  
The real world you here survey.

He said and when applause had ceased  
    They all partook,  
At separate boards a solemn feast,  
    There was no look

Or word of joy; then they resume  
Each one his chosen path of gloom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye melancholy slaves, fly this  
Accursed spot:  
The cheerful world above whence you  
Have fled is not  
So false as this noisome distress,  
For gloom's more false than joyousness.

Should Melancholy seek again  
To lead astray,  
Turn ye and face the wretch, and cry:  
Thou fiend, away!  
The truth of joy I'll choose to see;  
The truth of gloom I'll spurn from me.

## - DOCTOR TIMELY

The Doctor's practice lucrative and large  
Made Time his friend and life a pleasing  
charge,  
And oft he felt a generous thrill of zest  
As many great and small to him confessed  
The boundless debt they ever owed to him  
For giving health or saving life or limb.

## II

To please his broad and sympathetic mind  
He would bestow a blessing on mankind  
By searching out some powder, drop or pill  
To be a panacea for each ill  
That man is subject to; and though he'd gain  
Sure immortality and banish pain,  
Could he but see the world in rosy health  
'Twould be sufficient fame, sufficient wealth.

## III

In harmony with this supreme intent  
He took much time to make experiment,  
And soon at night declined to make a call,  
Next stubbornly refused to go at all:



And so his friends grew strange, his patrons  
fled;

The Doctor is stark mad, the people said,  
For see his staggering gait, his face is pale,  
His voice once cherry as the nightingale

Is rasping as an eastern wind; he sees

Alas! his castles fall before the breeze,

He finds his various remedies had been

Tried oft, in vain, before by sons of men,

And his elixirs, panaceas sure,

Have no effect, or kill as oft as cure;

But still the fable of the spider's toil

He skept in mind, and burned the midnight  
oil.

And oft to Heavenly powers he muttering  
prayed

And claimed that plans so good should have  
their aid.

#### IV

A midnight storm raged round. The Doctor  
lone

Bent o'er a corse: laid bare each nerve and  
bone;

Marked what the reeking viscera display

With eye as searching as a cathode ray—

But quick he lifts his head and bends his ear,

A plain yet mystic spirit voice to hear.

SPIRIT :

O! wretched man, thus to forsake  
The living for the dead!  
Were justice now to strike—

DOCTOR :

—Beware!

SPIRIT :

In vain you cry "Beware!" But why  
Need I to waste a word or curse  
On a departed thing like thee.  
You once did live, but you are dead.  
The eagle does not touch a corse,  
And hence I leave you to foul birds  
And worms. I go——

DOCTOR :

A moment, stay—

SPIRIT :

Speak on. The time is short—

DOCTOR :

Thou art  
A knowing sprite, but dost thou know  
The mighty aim that chains my soul  
And keeps me thus a slave to toil?

## SPIRIT :

I know your purpose well. Have I  
Not seen your midnight watch and toil  
And heard you call on powers divine?  
And now I come to answer you—  
You go too far in quest of things  
If in your ardor you forsake  
The sick who call to you for aid.  
You cannot pluck the highest fruit  
Save when you are uplifted by  
The grateful ones that you have blessed.

And if you seek a remedy  
For all the sickness of the world,  
You need to go far far beyond  
The realm of golden mortars mixed  
With lion hands: And should you call  
The aid of hypnotists and those  
Called Holy Healers who deceive  
The chronic multitude awhile,  
You yet could find no remedy,  
And if 'twere found, 'twould be a curse.  
Now, as I go, I say "Beware!"

## DOCTOR :

'Tis strange to hear these midnight spirits!  
My mind, once certain as the star  
That guides on every northern sea,  
Is growing wild; mine ears, once tuned  
To notes of social harmony,  
Now catch the hollow dialect

Of spirit goblins erratic;  
My tongue that once communed with men  
Beneath the honest noonday sun  
Now jabbers in a dark seance,  
The wierd vernacular of Hell.

O! by my locks now white, but not  
With time, and by these withered hands  
Now tremulous, but not with age,  
And by the holy essence of  
All space and time, that can create  
New worlds and recreate the old  
I yet shall know the meaning of  
This visit preternatural.

He said, then fell and lay twixt sleep and  
death  
Where life's frail tenure is a noiseless breath,  
But even here remains a conquering power  
That gives life victory within an hour.

#### IV

Above the clamor of the storm, a knock  
Was heard that waked the Doctor as the  
shock  
Of thunder near that rends the flinty rock.  
Then madly bounding to his feet, cries he:  
Who comes at such an hour to summons  
me?  
Aha! you answer not! It is the hail;

Perchance some goblin of the stormy gale,  
And yet a human spirit doth pervade  
The room, and strikes me with an airy blade.

Then cautiously he moves along the floor,  
And noiselessly and slow unlocks the door,  
And there beheld a dying prostrate form,  
A victim of calamity and storm.

With all the will and strength he could command

He raised the groaning wretch with gentle hand

And drew him in and gave him skillful care,  
His life and all his senses to repair,

And as the dying man 'gan to revive  
The Doctor, too, began anew to live.

He felt the joy of ministering to man  
And once again his practice he began.

Again he proved in treatment of disease  
A worthy son of old Hippocrates.

His former friends and new ones by the score  
With urgent calls besiege his open door:

Again he coolly takes his handsome fees

And from enslaving debts his fortune frees.

## VI

Afar among the hills where boughs droop low  
There is the sacred source whence rivers flow:  
Perchance there is a spring that pours a tide  
That by a deity is purified.

For here there is a vast and hidden cave,  
With sparkling walls and floor washed by the  
    wave.

Here pure white lamps a radiance diffuse  
And gem the crystal dome with rainbowhues;  
Millions of sparkling stones are studded there,  
The diamond and every gem that's rare.

Hygeia here presides: she that is dear  
To bright Appollo and imparts the cheer  
Of rosy health. She and her train oft come  
Through mazy labyrinths beneath this dome.

Hygeia takes a reed and plays a part;  
Appollo sweeps the lyre with god-like art,  
The dome with multitudinous refrain  
Sends back the sound like showers of summer  
    rain;

The waters by the sound are purified  
And from the cave in sparkling currents  
    glide:

Immaculate in touch they cleanse and heal  
The body and dispel the woes men feel,  
Ere yet the stream becomes tideless and vile  
Or murky confluent its course defile,  
So by this law the Doctor shaped his plan  
That prime and unmixed truth is best for man  
Ere yet the taint of base and erring mind  
Or envy, faction, lust, ambition blind,  
Pollute the stream along its winding way  
With elements of death or foul decay.

The Doctor said: Diseases have their use  
In warning men, and punishing abuse;

But lest the race from earth be swept away  
And fell despair should hasten man's decay  
Earth, air, and sea, humanity and skill  
Relieve while not destroying human ill.  
Should perfect skill the healing art attain,  
Disease in threatening form must still remain,  
So long as dupes to Mecca's shrine repair  
And swarming myriads breathe polluted air,  
So long as men to shun the scourge's wrath  
Court superstition rather than the bath,  
So long as appetite descends to greed,  
Transforming men to worse than beasts that  
feed;

And passion's fire burns into ashen lust  
And brands upon the countenance disgust;  
While misers hoard for profligate's to waste,  
Some drowned in sweets, and some denied a  
taste;

Congestion reigning here, depletion there,  
One to inflame, one chilling with despair;  
So long as some are laggards on the course  
And others bound ahead with rapid force,  
While governments unequal burdens lay,  
And grind the poor the nation's debts to pay,  
And politicians in great pledges vie  
And in fulfillment prove how they can lie;  
And with the able-bodied profligate  
Conspire to rob the treasury of state;  
While men, the froth of vulgar praise to gain,  
Right principle dethrone and false maintain,

While rites and creeds can riot in excess  
And unrebuked parade as righteousness;  
So long, indeed, as earth is cursed with vice,  
So long diseases will the race chastise.

See then how wide, how arduous the plan  
That would eradicate disease from man.  
No lymph can sterilize the source of pain,  
Nor simples gathered from the land or main;  
And so to lessen man's severest ills  
The Doctor uses powders, drops and pills,  
Imagination, laughter's hale grimace,  
Suggestion—anything that suits the case;  
And some he heals by touching with his  
hands,

As mid the waiting multitude he stands;  
This one he sends to ocean's tonic shore,  
That one must climb the rugged mountains  
o'er;

The losel and epicure must haste  
Away and wander in some desert waste,  
To drink the effervescent streams that glide  
Hot from the crucible of God; a tide  
Remote, with healthful labor gained and  
tried.

To this he says: Refrain from strenuous toil,  
To that go dig the aromatic soil:  
To all he says: Spurn vice and dirt and wrong  
And by obedience to right grow strong.

The Doctor now consumes no hours to find  
A single cure for ills of all mankind,



But in his daily rounds he is content  
Some ills to mitigate and some prevent;  
Adapts his remedies to each and all,  
The sick his care, the world his hospital,  
Mankind his aim, beneficence his rule,  
The earth his book, the universe his school.

## ARION

There was a king with vast estate  
In houses, lands and gold,  
With servants, scribes and hangers on,  
Too many to be told.

To men he said: Go bring bright pearls  
From out the caverned sea;  
Go search the earth for treasures rare  
And bring them all to me;  
And it was done quick as a dream,  
For e'n his wish was law supreme.

Arion, his musician, loved  
The King's fair daughter Prue,  
And then the King resolved to crush  
And kill Arion, too;  
And said: Arion, go and bring  
A prima donna fair,  
Whom prima donnas all shall choose  
As best beyond compare;  
Let singers choose for my own stage  
The finest tenor of the age;  
Bring instruments of dulcet din,  
The zither, banjo, mandolin,  
Guitar and flute of soothing tone,  
The piccolo and xylophone.

This varied aggregation I  
Command you bring or else you die.

Arion went, but only threw  
The fair ones in a rage;  
Each prima donna thought herself  
The greatest on the stage.

And he was grieved alike to find  
The tenors of a jealous mind:  
They could not all agree that one  
Should be preeminent alone.

Arion hung his head in woe,  
And while he pondered what to do  
A dark magician to him came,  
With curious box, with alien name.  
Here take this little box from me,

The sly magician said;  
'Twill please his majesty the King  
And save Arion's head.

Right glad he went: then said the King:  
Sir, did I not command you bring  
Earth's only prima donna here,

The world's first tenor, too,  
And every instrument that's made

With soothing sounds to woo  
Repose or drive all gloom away?  
Produce them or you die today.  
Wait! Wait! O, King! Arion cried;  
Within this magic box reside

High tenors, prima donnas too,  
And instruments that rouse or woo.

O! King! but name your royal choice  
Of instrument or speech or voice.

'Twas done: In clear, sonorous tones

Of music, wit or sense,  
The King hears the great graphophone's  
Magnetic eloquence.

The King delighted and amazed,  
With joy, surprise and rapture crazed,  
Cried out: My daughter you may woo,  
Take her and take my blessing too!



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